



ATOMIC

10¢

SPY

MAR.
APRIL

CASES

No. 1



IN THIS ISSUE:
"DEVIL IN PETTICOATS"
"TRAIL OF THE FAMILY HEIRLOOM"
"DONOVAN of CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE"
"OPERATION H.M."

BASED
ON
TRUE
STORIES!

OPERATION **H.M.**



HISTORY'S DARKEST PAGES CONTAIN NO MORE VIOLENT AND EXPLOSIVE PASSAGES THAN THOSE NOW BEING WRITTEN IN THE INTENSE STRUGGLES OF FOREIGN POWERS TO LEARN THE SECRET OF THE ATOM BOMB. ONLY THE ETERNAL VIGILANCE OF OUR OWN UNDERCOVER AGENTS KEEP THIS DEADLY INFORMATION FROM THE EVIL HANDS THAT WOULD TURN THIS POWDERKEG OF DESPERATE HATES AND VICIOUS EMOTIONS INTO A WORLD-WIDE CATACLYSM...

AS ITS CITIZENS SLUMBER THROUGH THE CALM AND PEACEFUL NIGHT OF AUG. 4, 1949, A SUDDEN EXPLOSION OF EPIC PROPORTIONS ROCKS THE TINY TOWN OF ALDYN, NEVADA...



EEEE! GEORGE, WHAT'S HAPPENED!

SOUNDS LIKE THE WORLD'S COMING TO AN 'END'!

MOMENTS LATER IN THE STREET...

WHAT WAS IT? I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH A TERRIBLE SOUND!

I SAW IT! JUST AS I WAS COMING IN THE GATE! THE WHOLE TOP OF CALDER MOUNTAIN BLEW OFF! IT.. WAS HORRIBLE!

GOOD THING NO-BODY LIVES UP THERE. SCARED TH' DAYLIGHTS OUT OF ME. I SUPPOSE WE'LL FIND OUT ABOUT IT IN THE MORN-ING.



THE FACTS BEHIND THAT EXPLOSION WERE NEVER FULLY EXPLAINED. ONLY IN THE SECRET RECORDS OF THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE MAY THE TRUE STORY BE FOUND. IT BEGAN IN THE EMBASSY OF A FOREIGN POWER IN WASHINGTON, D.C....

YOU UNDERSTAND OUR SITUATION, MALKO. TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE. WE MUST GET PLUTONIUM.

I UNDERSTAND, YOUR EXCELLENCY. WHAT ARE MY INSTRUCTIONS?

VERY SIMPLE. WE AND OTHER POWERS ARE AFTER PLUTONIUM. WITH THAT IN OUR POSSESSION, WE WILL LEARN THE SECRET OF THE ATOM BOMB.

YOUR ORDERS ARE MY COMMAND. I WILL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO ACCOMPLISH YOUR WISH!



YOU WILL CONTACT ME FREQUENTLY WITH FULL REPORTS OF YOUR PROGRESS. SEND ANYTHING YOU HAVE BY COURIER... IN CODE!

IF I HAVE ANYTHING, I WILL CONTACT THE OTHERS IN NEW YORK. WE WILL BEGIN WORK IMMEDIATELY. GOODBYE.

IN NEW YORK MALKO MAKES CONTACT WITH HIS OTHER AGENTS AND THREE WEEKS LATER FINDS THEM IN ONE OF THE ATOM TESTING CITIES SOMEWHERE IN THE U.S....

HELLO, HILDA. I SEE YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME. EVERYTHING IS SET AT THIS END. WE'RE ONLY WAITING FOR YOU!

I LEFT AS SOON AS I GOT YOUR MESSAGE. I HOPE IT'S AN EASY JOB!

IT'S NOT SO EASY, HILDA. A GOOD DEAL OF ITS SUCCESS DEPENDS ON YOU. BE AT THIS ADDRESS TONIGHT AND I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

I'LL BE THERE!



THAT NIGHT... THIS IS THE MAN WE WANT. WE HAVE A COMPLETE FILE ON HIM; THE HOURS HE LEAVES AND COMES TO WORK. WHERE HE GOES, HIS HABITS. EVERYTHING. LOOK AT HIM WELL!

THEN WHAT? I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME TO STRIKE UP AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH HIM?

THAT'S RIGHT, AS YOU WILL SEE. NIKKOL, HERE, HAS DONE THE GROUNDWORK. HE HAS EVEN LEARNED TO IMITATE HIS VOICE FROM STANDING NEXT TO HIM AT A BAR. HERE'S WHAT YOU DO...

DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THERE'S MUCH LEFT FOR ME. GO AHEAD.



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON AT A TRAFFIC INTERSECTION IN THE CENTER OF TOWN...



HERE HE COMES NOW. WE'VE CAUGHT HIM AT A LIGHT. ARE YOU ALL SET? I'M LEAVING.

RIGHT. I HOPE HE DOESN'T START TOO FAST.

MOMENTS LATER...



LOOK OUT!

EEE! SHE'LL BE HIT! LADY, LOOK OUT!

SHE'S GOING RIGHT INTO THAT CAR!



EEE! SHE'S KILLED!

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! ONLY A BUMP. THAT GUY STOPPED JUST IN TIME!

EEE!

LEAPING FROM HIS CAR, THE UNSUSPECTING VICTIM FALLS INTO THE GIRL'S TRAP...

ARE YOU HURT? I STOPPED AS FAST AS I COULD. CAN I HELP YOU?

IT'S ALL MY FAULT. I SHOULD HAVE WATCHED WHERE I WAS GOING. OHMY, MY ANKLE. I MUST HAVE TWISTED IT!

LET ME TAKE YOU TO A HOSPITAL. THEY'LL FIX YOU UP.

OH, NO, THAT'S NOT NECESSARY. BUT IF YOU COULD DRIVE ME HOME, I'D BE VERY GRATEFUL.

SHORTLY AFTER, AT A HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...



ARE YOU SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT? I COULD CALL A DOCTOR.

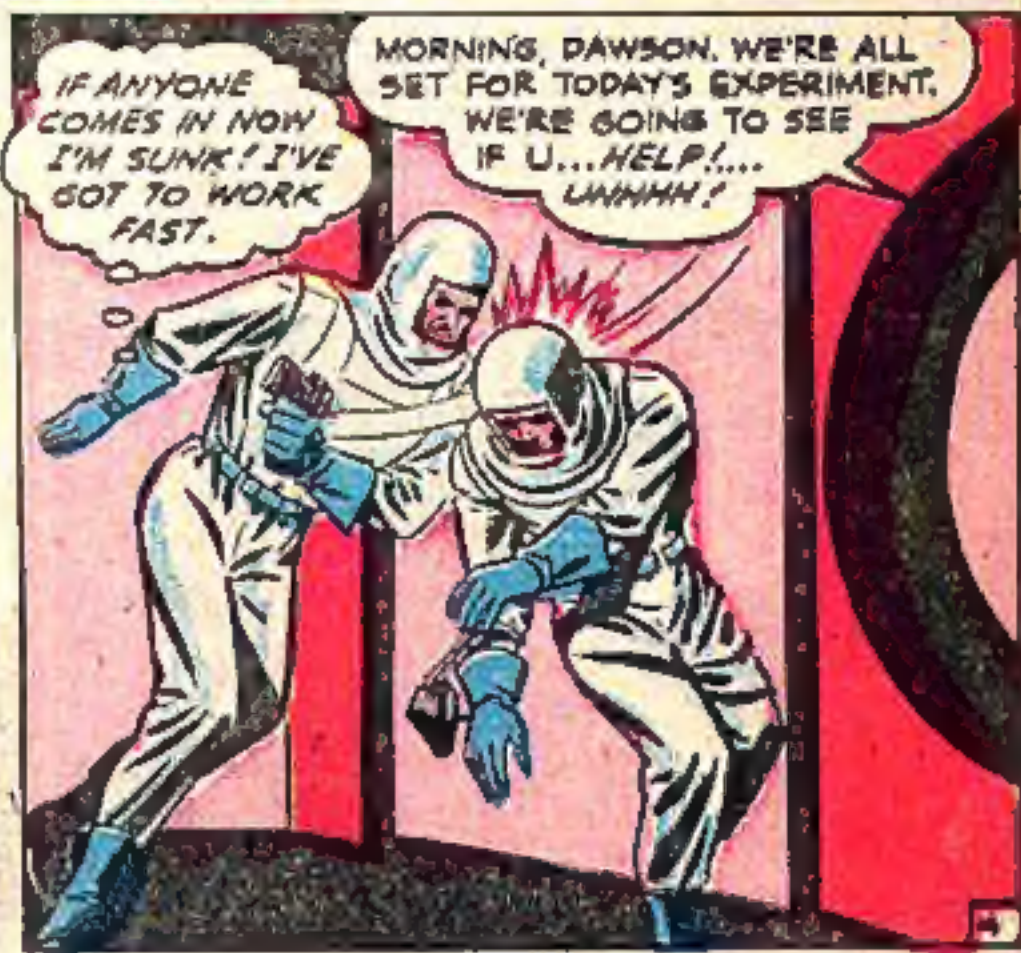
NO, THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. JUST HELP ME TO THE DOOR AND EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE!

I'LL LEAVE MY NAME AND ADDRESS IN CASE YOU WANT TO GET IN TOUCH WITH ME, I'M INSURED FOR THIS...HEY!

FORGET IT! YOU'RE STAYING WITH US FOR A WHILE, MR. DAWSON, STEP INSIDE AND NO TRICKS.

I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU WEREN'T HERE. IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM.





AS THE MAN GOES DOWN NIKKOL TAKES THE PRECIOUS BOX AND TAPES IT TO HIS BODY...

NIKKOL QUICKLY DISCARDS HIS PROTECTIVE CLOTHING AND RETURNS TO THE PLANT ENTRANCE...

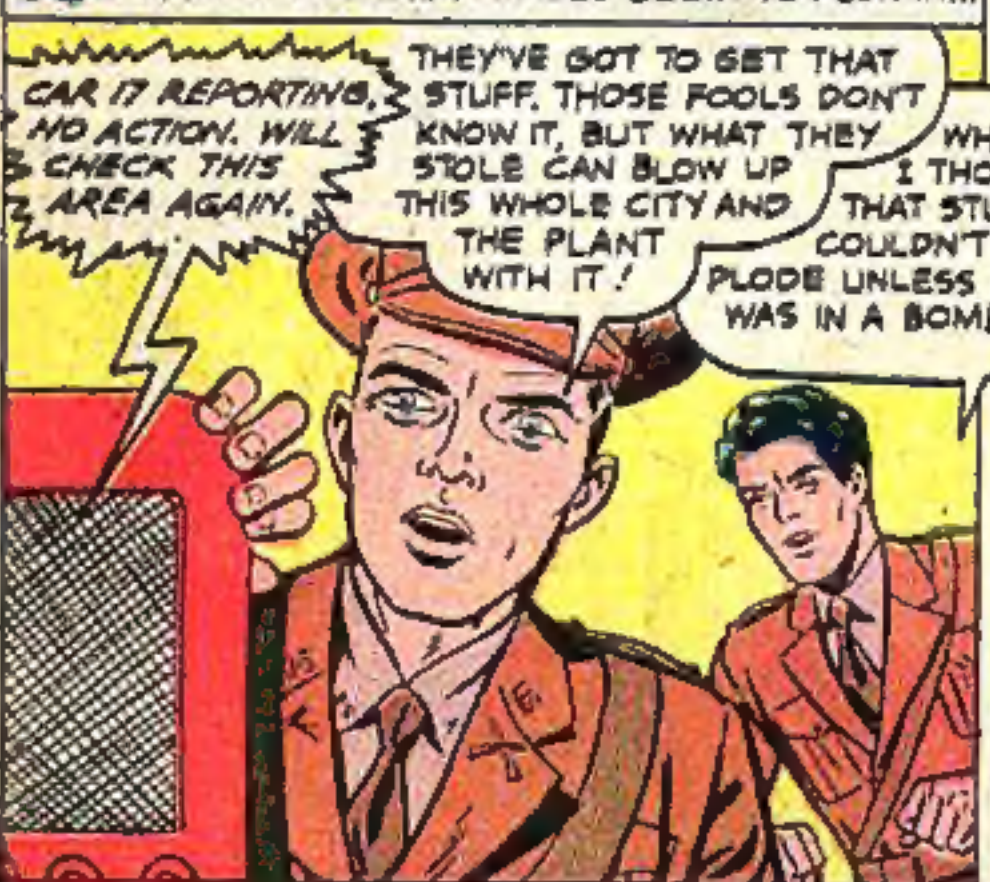
A HALF HOUR LATER NIKKOL IS BACK AT THE HOUSE. THE IMPOSSIBLE HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED. ENOUGH PLUTONIUM TO BLOW UP NEW YORK IS IN ENEMY HANDS...

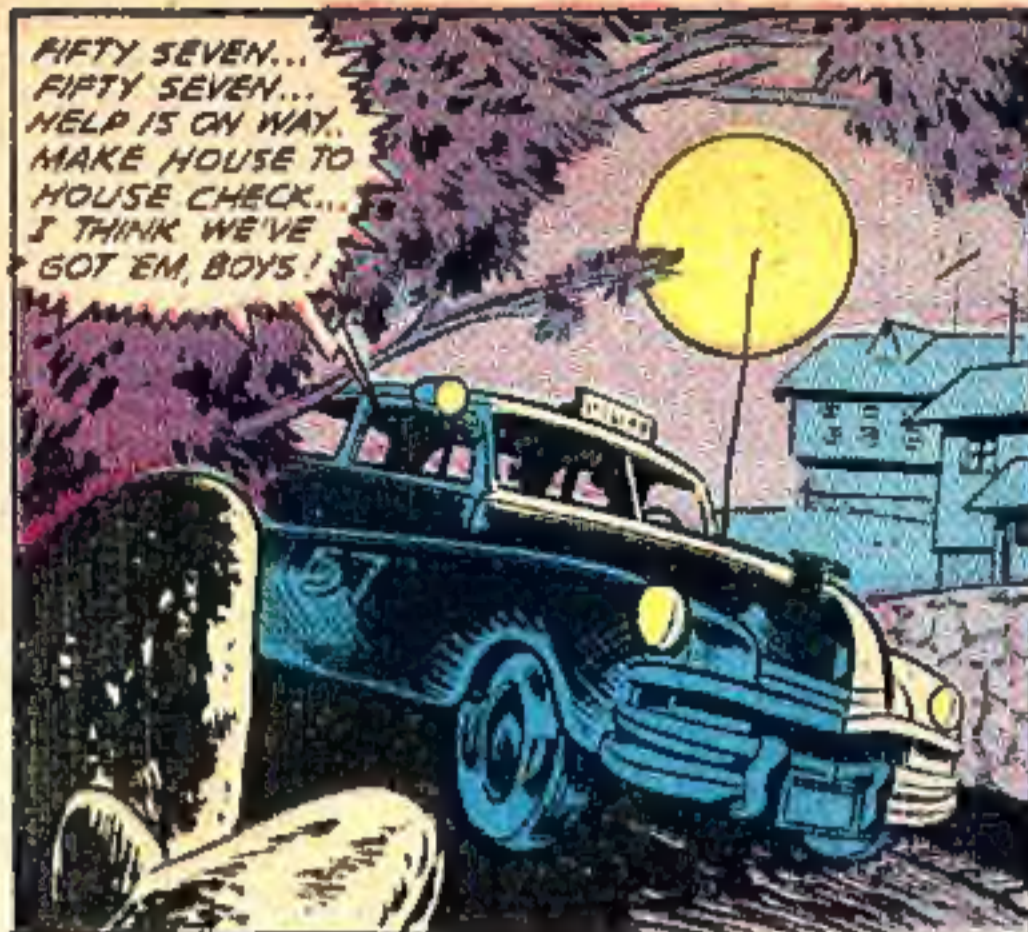


MEANWHILE THE SHOCKING THEFT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED AND THE FORCES PROTECTING ATOMIC SECRECY GO INTO ACTION LIKE A WELL-OILED MACHINE...



REPORTS FROM THE PATROLS BEGIN TO FLOW IN...





FIFTY SEVEN...
FIFTY SEVEN...
HELP IS ON WAY.
MAKE HOUSE TO
HOUSE CHECK...
I THINK WE'VE
GOT EM, BOYS!

BUT MALKO IS PREPARED FOR SUCH A MOVE.
AS THE PATROL CARS CONVERGE ON THE SPY TRIO,
A HELICOPTER RISES FROM BEHIND THE GARAGE..

HA! THE FOOLS! DID
THEY THINK THEY
COULD TRAP ME!

HURRY,
MALKO,
THEY'RE
CLOSING
IN!

DON'T FIRE! ORD-
ERS FROM H.Q.
ARE TO LET
THEM
GO!

I
DON'T GET
IT, BUT
THEY KNOW
WHAT THEY'RE
DOING!



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS
ANOTHER PLAN IS PUT IN EFFECT.

WE'VE GOT THE DIRECTION THEY
STARTED OUT IN SO WE'LL TAIL
THEM AND KEEP A DOUBLE-
CHECK ON THE HELIO
BY RADAR, NOW WE
HAVE TO FORCE
THEM DOWN
SOMEHOW.

BUT
HOW? ONE
SHOT AND
THE WHOLE
COUNTRYSIDE
WILL GO UP!



AN HOUR LATER MALKO DE-
CIDED TO BRING THE HELICOPTER
DOWN ON A MOUNTAIN TOP...

THIS WILL BE A
PERFECT SPOT
TO HIDE. IT'LL
BE DARK
SOON.

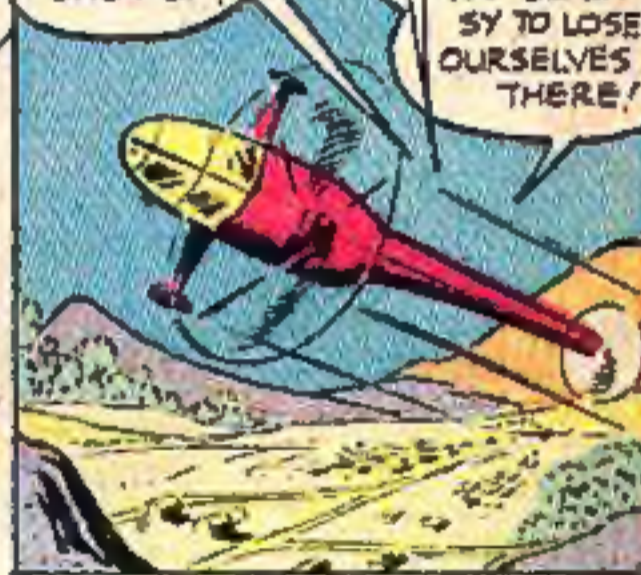
I DON'T LIKE IT! WE
SHOULD NEVER
HAVE BEEN SPOTTED
AT ALL. YOU MUFFED
UP SOMEWHERE, MAL-
KO! WHAT IF THEY
SHOULD COME UP
HERE AFTER US?
I-I'M SCARED..



THEY WILL NEVER
THINK OF LOOKING
UP HERE FOR US.
WE ARE SAFE
FOR AWHILE. I
NEVER SLIP!
NEVER, YOU
FOOL! NOW
SHUT UP!

I STILL DON'T
LIKE IT! IF WE
EVER GET
CAUGHT...

IF
WE
COULD ONLY
GET TO A
BIG CITY.
IT'D BE EA-
SY TO LOSE
OURSELVES
THERE!



BUT AS THEY STARTED TO LAND...

FOREST RANGER RACKLEY
REPORTING TO H.Q... RACKLEY
TO H.Q... A HELICOPTER
BEARING SAME DESCRIPTION
AS IN EMERGENCY ALERT
IS CIRCLING CALDER
MOUNTAIN / ATTENTION!
ATTENTION H.Q...



MINUTES LATER THE INFORMATION IS RELAYED
TO THE ANXIOUS CHIEF...

THEY JUST LANDED ON
CALDER MOUNTAIN OVER
THE STATE LINE IN
NEVADA. WE'VE GOT
THEM! THEY WON'T GET
AWAY THIS TIME. ALERT
ALL PLANES TO CIRCLE
AREA. WE'LL USE
PARATROOPS IF
NECESSARY!



BY NIGHTFALL THE AREA IS COMPLETELY SUR-
ROUNDED AND THE BESIEGED SPIES ARE TRAPPED...



SURRENDER AND
TURN OVER THE
PLUTONIUM OR
WE'LL BLOW YOU
OFF THE MOUNTAIN!
YOU HAVE FIVE
MINUTES TO
DECIDE!

WE'RE FINISHED,
MALKO! LET US
SURRENDER
WHILE WE
CAN.

SURRENDER?
NEVER! I STILL
HAVE AN ACE
IN THE HOLE! AP-
ARENTLY YOU
DON'T KNOW WHAT
WE HAVE IN OUR
POSSESSION!

WE WILL NEVER GIVE
UP. IF YOU TRY TO
GET US I'LL BLOW
US ALL UP. I KNOW
WHAT IS IN THAT
LITTLE BOX!

GOOD, MALKO!
THEY'LL NEVER
SACRIFICE
THEIR OWN MEN.
WE HAVE 'EM
NOW!



DOWN BELOW THERE IS A HUR-
RIED CONFERENCE IN THE RANKS
OF THE ATOMIC SECURITY FORCES...



THEY'RE
DESPERATE
AND THEY'LL
DO WHAT
THEY SAY.

I KNOW, BUT I
HAVE A WAY OUT.
WE MUST PRETEND
RETREAT AND
THEN...

THEN A MOMENT LATER THE
SPIES GOT THEIR ANSWER...

OKAY, YOU WIN! I'M ORDERING
MY MEN BACK. ALL PLANES
WILL BE CALLED OFF. I
CANNOT RISK THE LIVES
OF MY MEN. BUT YOU
WILL BE CAUGHT-
MARK MY WORDS!



MEN AND PLANES ARE WITH-
DRAWN, BUT A NEW MACHINE IS
BROUGHT UP AND AS THE COPTER
RISES...



IN RANGE!
INCREASE
DECIBELS...

I HATE TO DO IT,
BUT THERE'S NO
OTHER WAY OUT!
WE WIN BY
LOSING...

RIGHT!

THERE IS AN EERIE WHINE AND SUDDENLY THE
WHOLE MOUNTAIN GOES UP BEFORE THE AWED
GAZE OF THE MEN BEHIND THE MACHINE...



INCREDIBLE! I
NEVER WANT TO
SEE A THING LIKE
THAT AGAIN, BUT
I STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND HOW
YOU DID IT!

IT WAS SCIENCE AGAINST SCIENCE.
THAT MACHINE IS THE ARMY'S
NEWEST SUPERSONIC WEAPON.
IT BROADCASTS A SHATTERING
SOUND WAVE THAT'LL CRACK
ANYTHING IN ITS PATH. WHEN
THOSE WAVES HIT THE 'COPTER
THE PARTITION SEPARATING
THE PLUTONIUM WENT
LIKE A SHEET OF
PAPER...YOU SAW
THE RESULT.

IT WAS
WORTH IT.
WE LOST THE
PLUTONIUM,
BUT OUR NATION'S
SECRET REMAINS
SAFE!

ONCE AGAIN THE FORCES THAT PROTECT OUR ATOMIC
SECRETS FROM HANDS THAT WOULD TURN THEM TO EVIL
USES HAVE WON. IN THE CHALLENGE YET TO COME THEIR
ABILITIES WILL BE TAXED TO THE UTMOST TO KEEP US
SAFE AND SECURE FROM THE INFLUENCES THAT
WOULD CRUSH THE DEMOCRACIES.....



FASCINATING AND DEADLY AS A COBRA, THE EXOTIC SPY LURED HER UNSUSPECTING VICTIMS TO THE LITTLE HOUSE ON EUCLID AVENUE AND SQUEEZED THEM DRY OF MILITARY INFORMATION UNTIL THE STERN AND RELENTLESS HAND OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE BROUGHT HER TO BAY AND WIPE OUT THE BEAUTIFUL "DEVIL IN PETTICOATS"...

THE OFFICE OF DR. FELIX HAMMER IN BOSTON, A COVERUP FOR A SINISTER SPY RING ENDEAVORING TO STEAL INFORMATION ON ROCKET EXPERIMENTS...

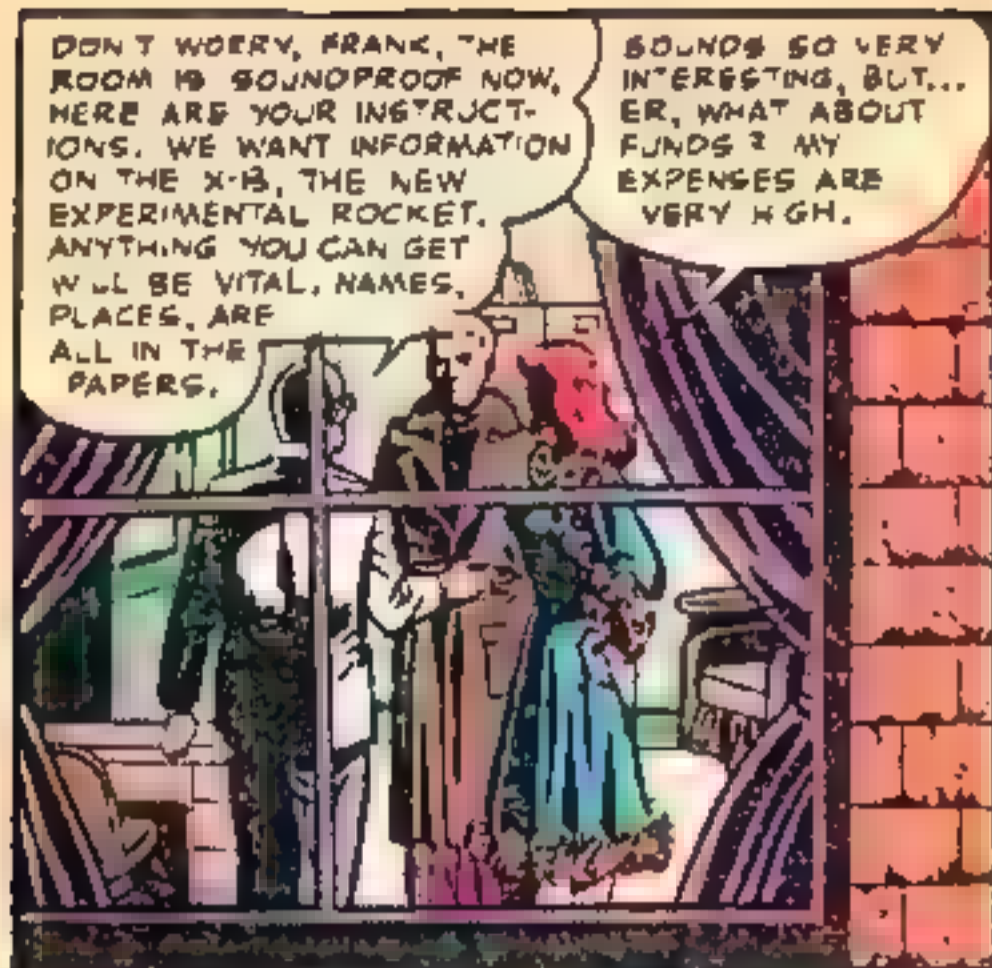
MISS NOERN, MR. NOERN, YOU MAY COME IN NOW. I HAVE THE X-RAYS AND THE RESULTS OF YOUR BLOOD TESTS.

THANK YOU, DOCTOR. I WON'T REST UNTIL I KNOW WHAT THEY SHOW!

MARTA, FRANK, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE WORKED TOGETHER. IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU!

YES, IT WILL BE LIKE OLD TIMES. WE GOT WORD TO CONTACT YOU FROM NEW YORK. WHAT ARE WE TO DO, DOCTOR?

BE PATIENT, MARTA. LET THE DOCTOR CLOSE THE DOOR. THERE MIGHT BE BIG EARS IN THAT WAITING ROOM.



DON'T WORRY, FRANK, THE ROOM IS SOUNDPROOF NOW, HERE ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. WE WANT INFORMATION ON THE X-13, THE NEW EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET. ANYTHING YOU CAN GET WILL BE VITAL. NAMES, PLACES, ARE ALL IN THE PAPERS.

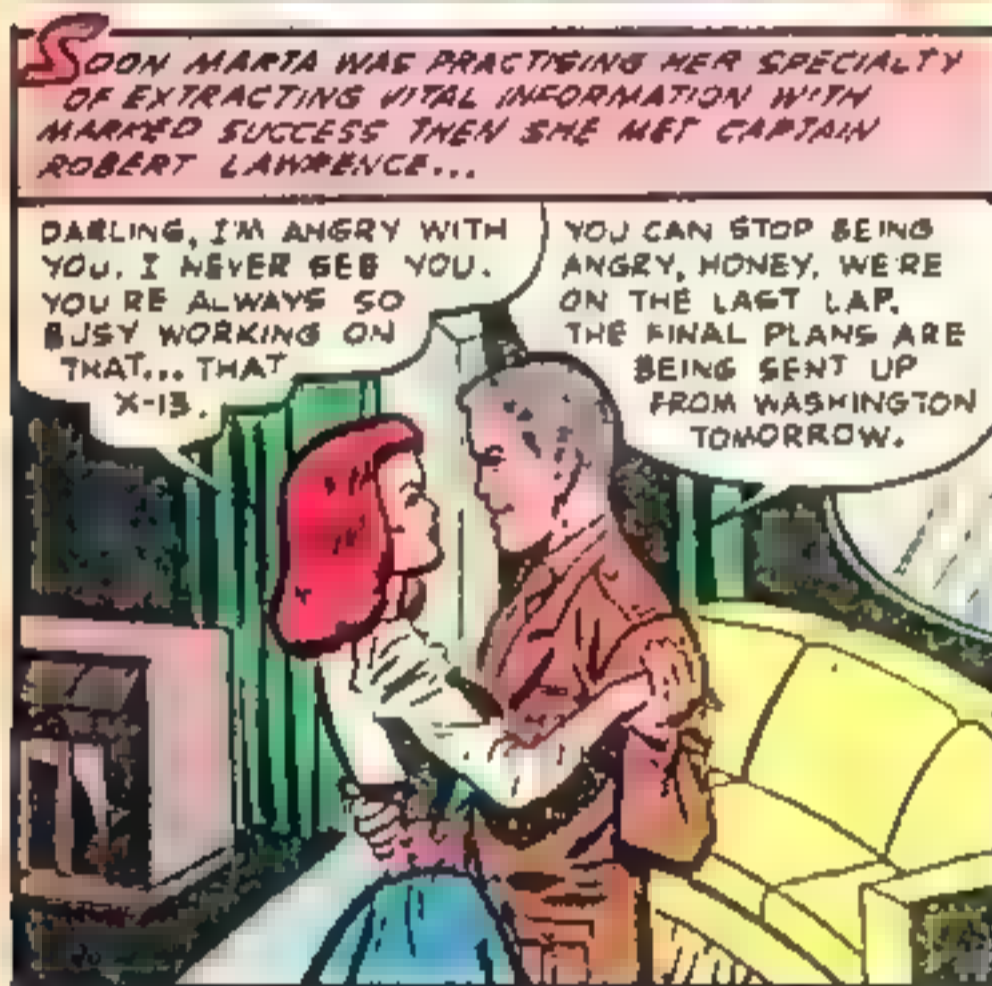
SOUNDS SO VERY INTERESTING, BUT... ER, WHAT ABOUT FUNDS? MY EXPENSES ARE VERY HIGH.



STILL THE SAME OLD MARTA! AS MERCENARY AS EVER. YOU WILL DRAW WHATEVER YOU NEED, BUT WITHIN REASON, YOU UNDERSTAND? WE ALSO HAVE A HOUSE FOR YOU ON EUCLID AVE. YOUR INSTRUCTIONS EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

GOOD! I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE BOSTON AND ITS PEOPLE ESPECIALLY THOSE CONNECTED WITH THE X-13.

BAH! I WILL NEVER BE HAPPY UNTIL I CAN LEAVE THIS STUPID COUNTRY!



SOON MARTA WAS PRACTISING HER SPECIALTY OF EXTRACTING VITAL INFORMATION WITH MARKED SUCCESS THEN SHE MET CAPTAIN ROBERT LAWRENCE...

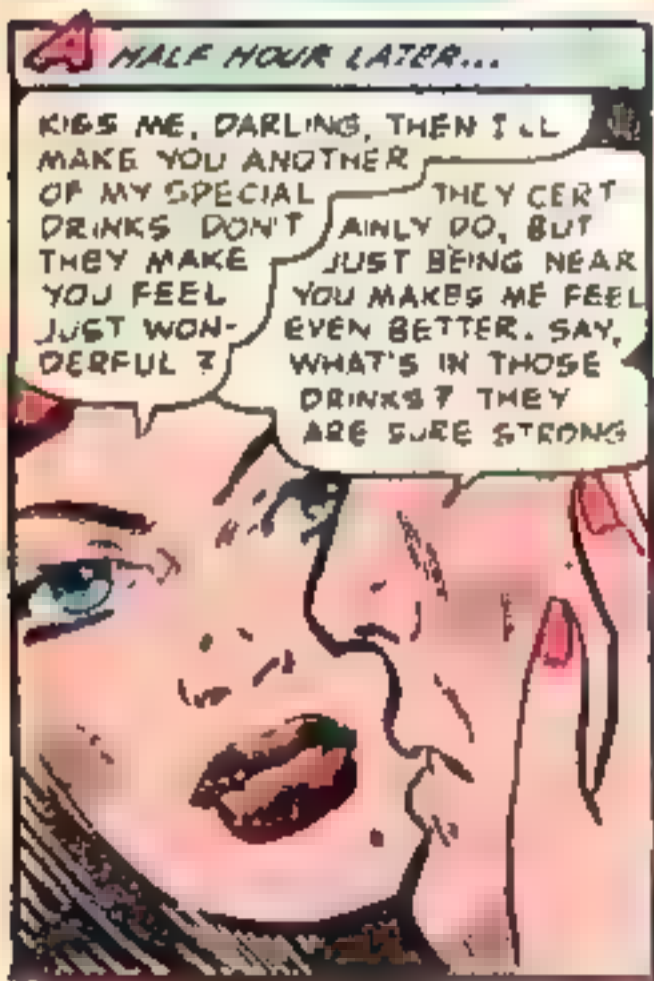
DARLING, I'M ANGRY WITH YOU. I NEVER SEE YOU. YOU'RE ALWAYS SO BUSY WORKING ON THAT... THAT X-13.

YOU CAN STOP BEING ANGRY, HONEY, WE'RE ON THE LAST LAP. THE FINAL PLANS ARE BEING SENT UP FROM WASHINGTON TOMORROW.



I'M NOT REALLY ANGRY, BUT IT DOES MAKE ME JEALOUS. SOMETIMES I THINK YOUR WORK MEANS MORE TO YOU THAN ME. LET'S HAVE A DRINK WHILE YOU TELL ME MORE. IT SOUNDS SO THRILLING.

SORRY, ANGEL, THIS IS TOP SECRET, MY LIPS HAVE TO BE SEALED. ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT IT WILL BE ONE OF THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPONS EVER BUILT.



A HALF HOUR LATER...

KISS ME, DARLING, THEN I'LL MAKE YOU ANOTHER OF MY SPECIAL DRINKS. THEY CERTAINLY DO, BUT THEY MAKE YOU FEEL JUST WONDERFUL? JUST BEING NEAR YOU MAKES ME FEEL EVEN BETTER. SAY, WHAT'S IN THOSE DRINKS? THEY ARE SURE STRONG



STILL LATER...

MARTA... I FEEL SO FUNNY JUST LIKE I WAS FLOATING... DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, SWEETHEART! JUST RELAX WHILE YOU TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT THE X-13!



THE NEXT DAY AT DR. HAMMERS

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MARTA. THE HIGH COMMAND WILL BE VERY PLEASED. COME, WE'LL TRANSMIT THE GOOD NEWS!

THANK YOU, DR. YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT A HELP YOUR TRUTH SERUM IS. THEY BABBLE THEIR SECRETS LIKE CHILDREN, I AM BEGINNING TO ENJOY MY WORK! SOMETIMES I THINK... TOO WELL!



I'M AFRAID YOUR CAPTAIN AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE IN FOR A SEVERE SHOCK WHEN THEY DISCOVER THE X-13 PLANS ARE DIVERTED.

I WILL BE MORE THAN A SHOCK. THE POOR FELLOW HAS MADE THE SUCCESS OF THOSE PLANS HIS LIFE'S AMBITION. I'M ALMOST SORRY FOR HIM.



I FEEL LIKE SUCH A FOOL, MARTA. I'VE NEVER GOTTEN DRUNK LIKE THAT BEFORE. ALL I CAN REMEMBER IS A HAZY SORT OF DREAM THAT I WAS REVEALING EVERYTHING I KNEW ABOUT X-13. IT WAS AWFUL.

THINK NOTHING OF IT. YOU PASSED OUT AND I HAD FRANK DRIVE YOU TO YOUR HEADQUARTERS. IT MUST'VE BEEN A BAD DREAM, THAT'S ALL. THERE'S THE PHONE I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



THAT'S THE LAST TIME I'LL TRY ONE OF THOSE CONCOCTIONS. I THOUGHT I WAS ABLE TO TAKE IT UNTIL THAT ATOM BOMB MIXTURE CAME ALONG. ...OOOPS! WHAT'S THAT?



IT. IT'S MARTA WITH A. NO! IT CAN'T BE... BUT... BUT THE INSCRIPTION. LET ME SEE IF I CAN REMEMBER MY LANGUAGE COURSES... 'IN MEMORY OF A PLEASANT DAY AT THE... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT THERE IT IS. SHE... SHE'S A SPY!



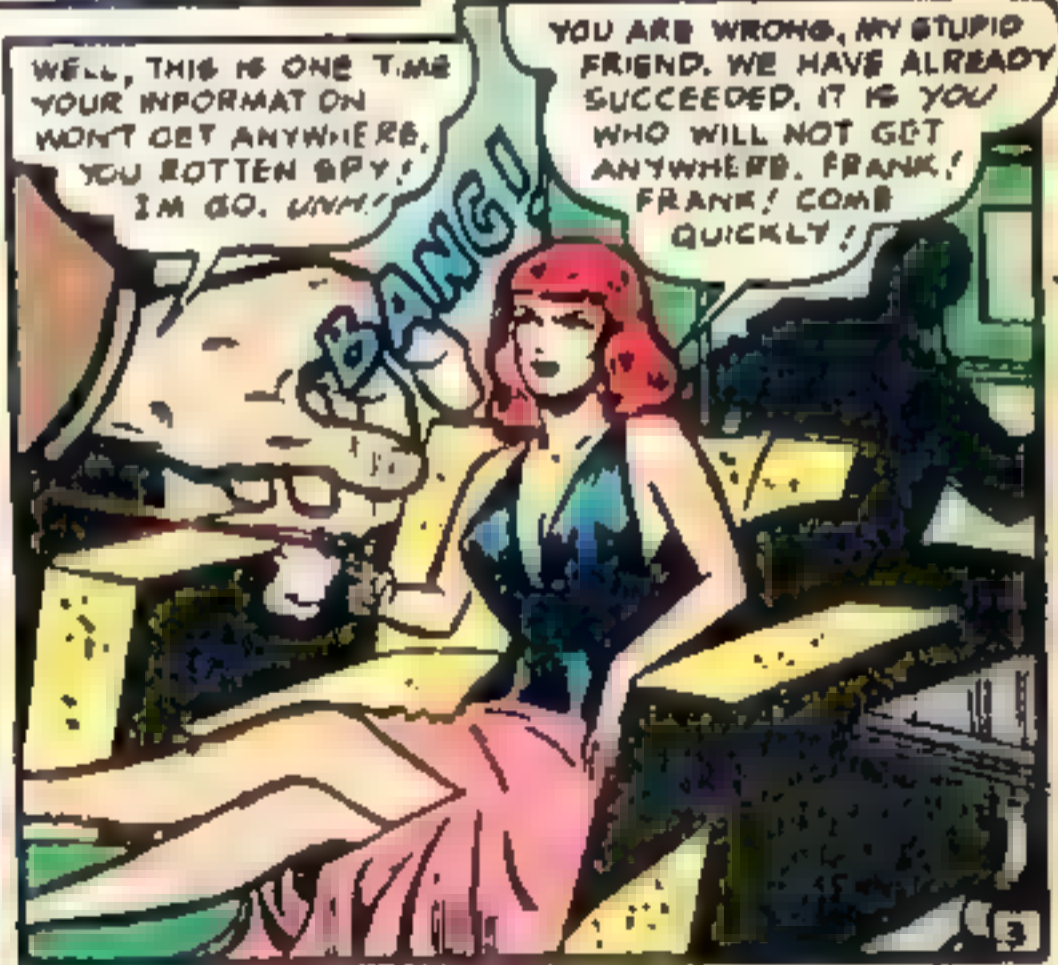
IT WAS JUST A... WHAT'S THE BOB? WHAT'S WRONG? YOU... YOU LOOK SO STRANGE.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? THAT'S A LAUGH! YOU DIRTY SPY! PLAYED ME FOR A SUCKER! I WAS DOFED LAST NIGHT, THAT'S WHY I HAD THAT DREAM, BUT IT WASN'T A DREAM, WAS IT? I MUST'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING!



NO, BOB, I CAN EXPLAIN. JUST LISTEN TO ME A MOMENT PLEASE! YOU MUST LISTEN!

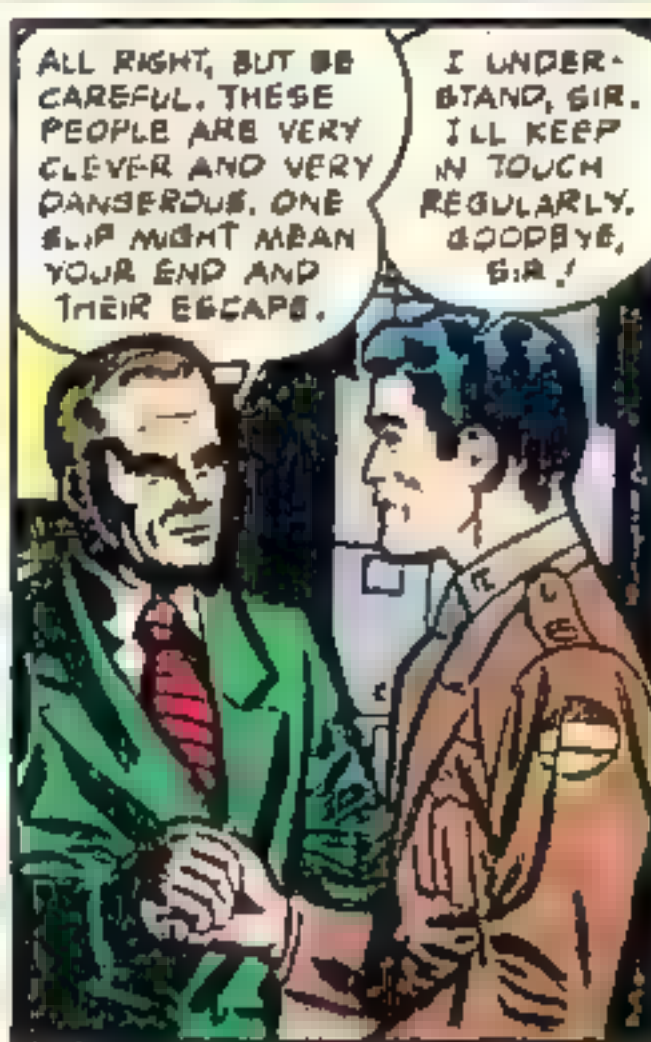
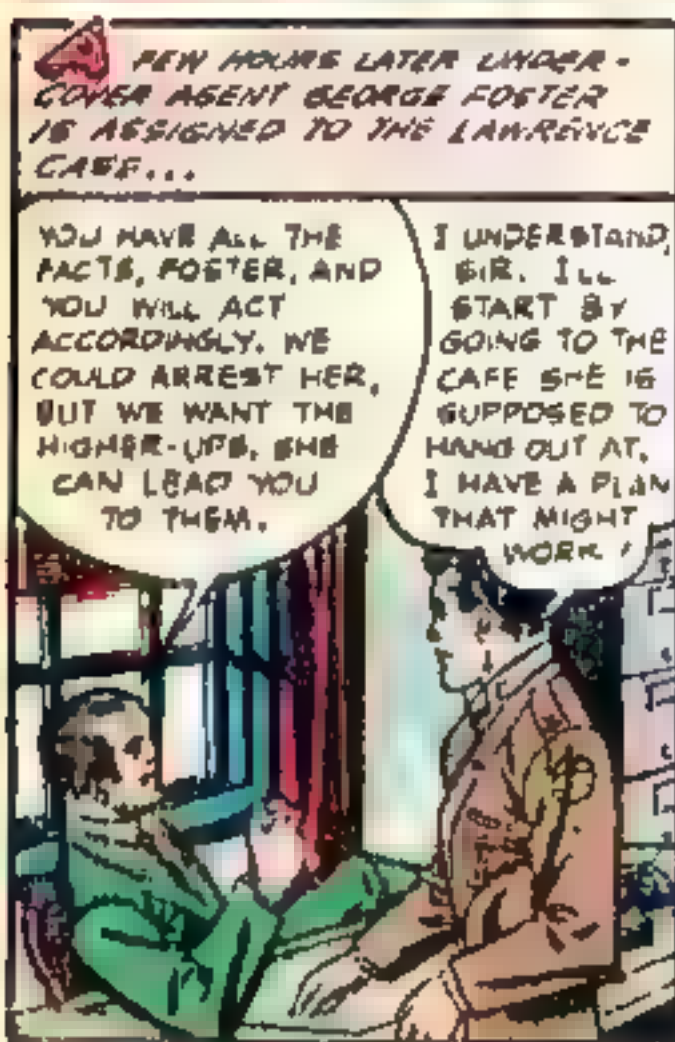
LISTEN TO YOU! HOW DO YOU THINK I GOT INTO THIS MESS? HOW MANY OTHER MEN HAVE YOU MADE BETRAY THEIR COUNTRY'S SECRETS? HOW MANY OTHER MEN HAVE HAD THEIR LIVES RUINED BY YOU?



WELL, THIS IS ONE TIME YOUR INFORMATION WON'T GET ANYWHERE. YOU ROTTEN SPY! I'M GO. UHM!

YOU ARE WRONG, MY STUPID FRIEND. WE HAVE ALREADY SUCCEEDED. IT IS YOU WHO WILL NOT GET ANYWHERE. FRANK! FRANK! COME QUICKLY!

BANG!





COME ON, GEORGE, COME CLEAN. WHERE ARE WE BEING MOVED TO? CUT IT OUT, WILL YOU. JUST BECAUSE I KNOW THE NEW LOCATION OF THE X-15 PLANT DOESN'T MEAN YOU FELLOWS ARE GOING TO GET ANY INFORMATION.

SO I MUST MEET THIS MAN. I FEEL AS THOUGH I COULD LIKE HIM VERY MUCH.



JUST A HINT, THAT'S ALL! I'VE GOT BUSINESS TO CLEAR UP.

NOT A WORD. LET ME ALONE, WILL...
...HEY!

OHH, MY ANKLE!



OH, YOU ARE SO KIND. IT WAS SO CLUMSY OF ME!

CAN I HELP YOU? ARE YOU HERE WITH SOMEONE?



NO, I AM ALONE. WOULD YOU HELP ME TO A CAB? I CAN MANAGE AFTER THAT.

I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT. I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME. AFTER ALL, A LOVELY LADY IN DISTRESS...

THAT GEORGE! A REGULAR LADIES MAN... TAKE IT EASY, CAPTAIN!



SHORTLY AFTER, THE HOUSE ON EUCLID AVENUE ENTERTAINS ANOTHER GUEST...

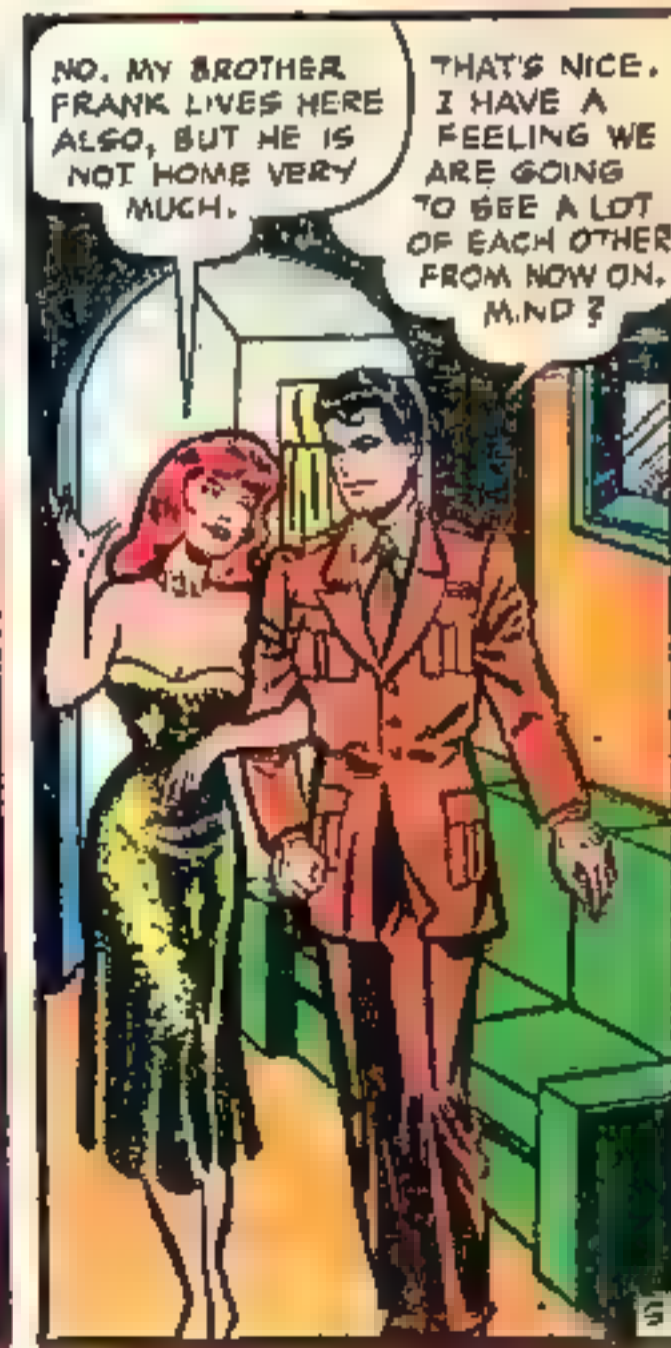
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, CAPTAIN. PERHAPS YOU WILL STAY TO HAVE A DRINK?

THANKS VERY MUCH. DON'T MIND IF I DO. IT ISN'T EVERY DAY ONE MEETS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!



HOW GALLANT! LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM MARTA NOERN. PERHAPS THIS WAS A LUCKY MEETING.

PERHAPS. YOU'VE HERE ALONE?



NO. MY BROTHER FRANK LIVES HERE ALSO, BUT HE IS NOT HOME VERY MUCH.

THAT'S NICE. I HAVE A FEELING WE ARE GOING TO SEE A LOT OF EACH OTHER FROM NOW ON. MIND?

THREE WEEKS LATER FOSTER AND MARTA ARE CLOSE FRIENDS, BUT NEITHER HAS MADE ANY PROGRESS...

I GUESS YOU'LL BE LEAVING WHEN THE NEW PLANT IS COMPLETED. I'LL MISS YOU, DARLING.

DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT. GET READY AND I'LL TAKE YOU DANCING.



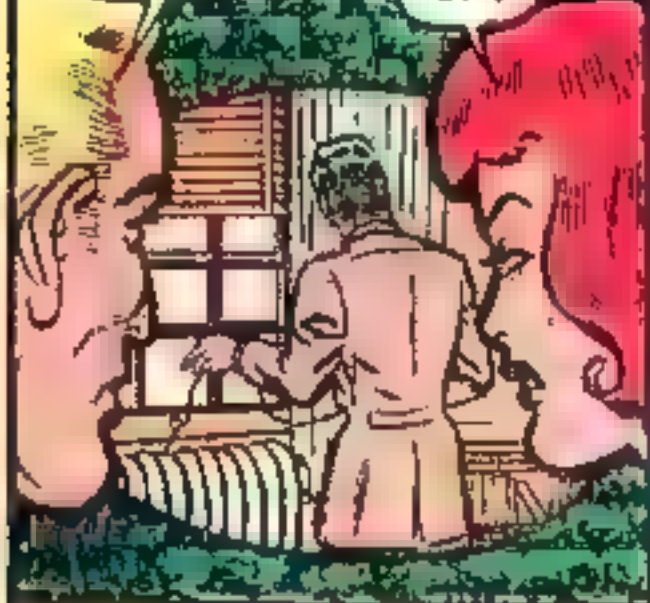
THE MOMENT MARTA LEAVES, FOSTER PREPARES TO PLANT A MICROPHONE, BUT UNKNOWN TO HIM HE IS WATCHED THROUGH A ONE-WAY MIRROR...

SO, THE CAPTAIN IS INQUISITIVE. I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING ODD ABOUT HIM... MARTA!



YOUR CAPTAIN IS NOT WHAT HE SEEMS. I THINK WE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED. WE MUST ACT QUICKLY!

WH...WHAT SHALL WE DO? MAYBE WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY ARREST US!



WE'LL GET OUT ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT BEFORE WE TAKE CARE OF YOUR FRIEND. A LITTLE TRUTH SERUM TO FIND OUT THE NEW LOCATION, THEN WE DESTROY HIM. PREPARE IT.

ALL RIGHT FRANK, I'LL PUT IT IN HIS DRINK.



A FEW MINUTES LATER MARTA RETURNS BRINGING THE DRUGGED DRINK...

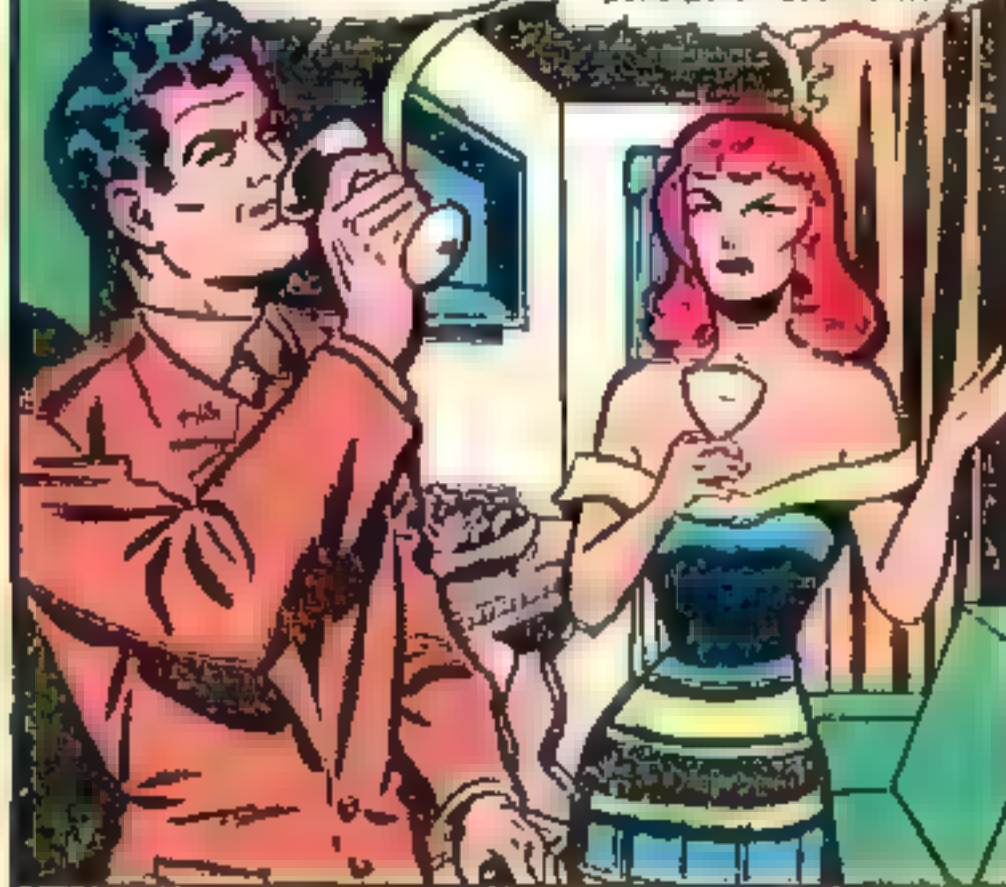
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE A DRINK BEFORE WE GO.

GOOD IDEA. I COULD USE ONE. MY, YOU LOOK PRETTY! I'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS EVENING!



HERE'S TO OUR FUTURE ...TOGETHER, I HOPE.

IT WILL BE A SHORT ONE FOR YOU, MY SNOOPY CAPTAIN!



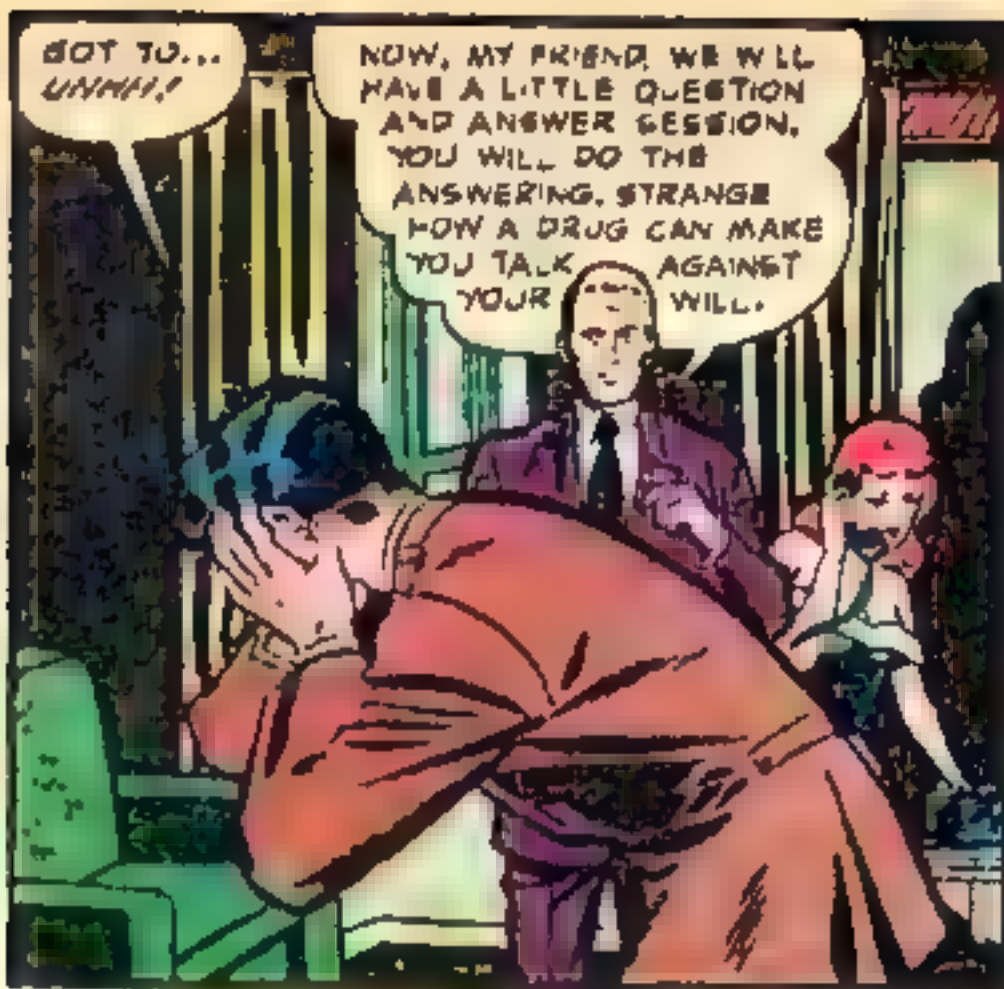
THE DRUG TAKES EFFECT RAPIDLY AND FOSTER IS OVERCOME...

IT IS GOOD, HE IS HELPLESS. CALL DR. HAMMER AND TELL HIM WE HAD SOME DIFFICULTY. THE NUMBER IS REX 2-5143. USE THE CODE.

REX 2-5143. ALL RIGHT, HE WILL HAVE INSTRUCTIONS FOR US.

THAT..NUM.. ...BER! GOT ...TO..TO REMEMBER.. FOOL... TO TAKE.. THAT DRINK!





GOT TO...
UHHH!

NOW, MY FRIEND, WE WILL
HAVE A LITTLE QUESTION
AND ANSWER SESSION.
YOU WILL DO THE
ANSWERING. STRANGE
HOW A DRUG CAN MAKE
YOU TALK AGAINST
YOUR WILL.



THIRTY MINUTES LATER...

IF THEY SHOULD FIND HIM THEY
WILL THINK HE GOT DRUNK
AND FELL ASLEEP WITH A
LIGHTED CIGARETTE.
IT IS TRAGIC, IS
IT NOT?

WE ARE VERY
LUCKY THEY
DIDN'T FIND
OUT ABOUT
US.



HE TALKED LIKE A
LITTLE LAMB. NOW
HE WILL BURN LIKE
A CHOP. TOO
BAD.

COME ON,
HAMMER
IS WAITING.
BE CAREFUL
GOING OUT. WE
MUST NOT
BE SEEN.

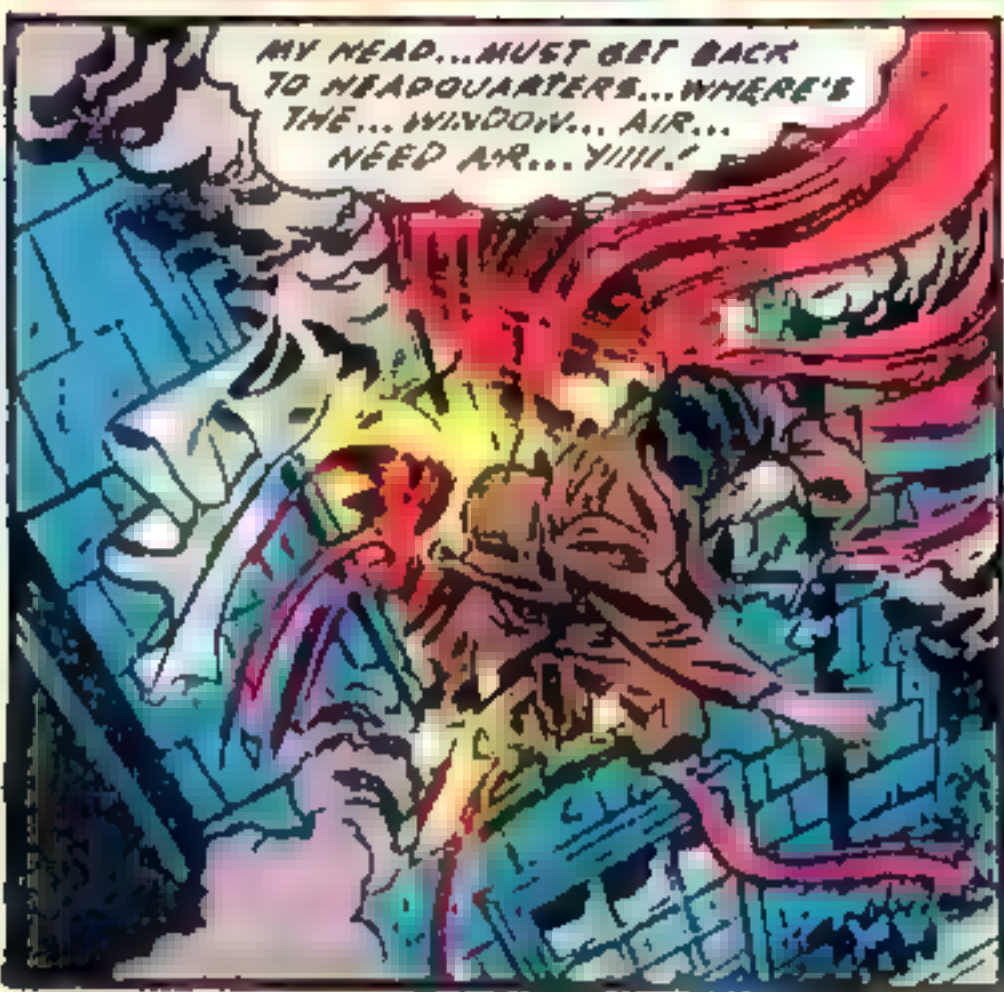


THE PAIR HAVE NOT BEEN GONE
LONG WHEN THE TRUTH DRUG
BEGINS TO WEAR OFF...

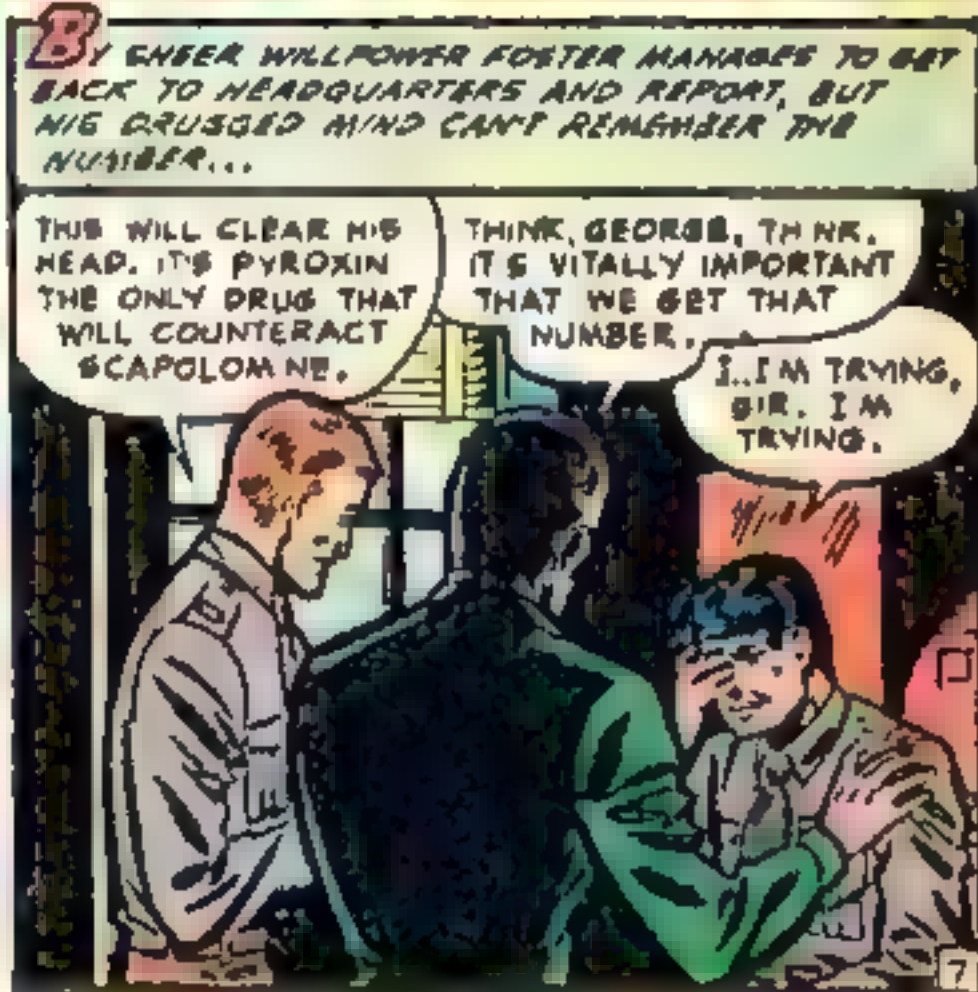
IT...IT'S HOT..WH...WHERE AM
I? HOUSE..ON FIRE...GOT
TO GET TO...WINDOW..OH...



NOW, I REMEMBER..WAS...WAS
DRUGGED..WINDOW..GOT TO
GET TO...WINDOW. MY HEAD,
HOT..GOT TO GET...
WINDOW...



MY HEAD...MUST GET BACK
TO HEADQUARTERS...WHERE'S
THE...WINDOW...AIR...
NEED AIR...YIIII!



BY sheer willpower Foster manages to get
back to headquarters and report, but
his drugged mind can't remember the
number...

THIS WILL CLEAR HIS
HEAD. IT'S PYROXIN
THE ONLY DRUG THAT
WILL COUNTERACT
SCAPOLOMINE.

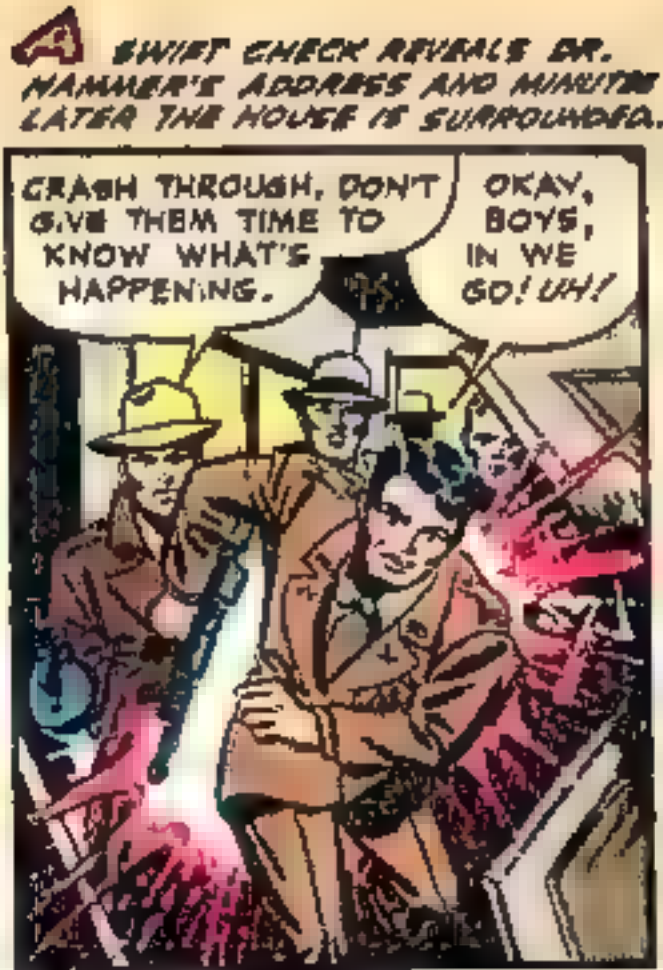
THINK, GEORGE, THINK.
IT'S VITALLY IMPORTANT
THAT WE GET THAT
NUMBER.

I..I'M TRYING,
SIR. I'M
TRYING.



IT...IT...I'VE GOT IT! IT WAS...REX 2...5143, THAT'S IT. I'M SURE OF IT!

GOOD WORK, BOY. WE'LL HAVE THOSE RATS IN NO TIME NOW.



CRASH THROUGH, DON'T GIVE THEM TIME TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

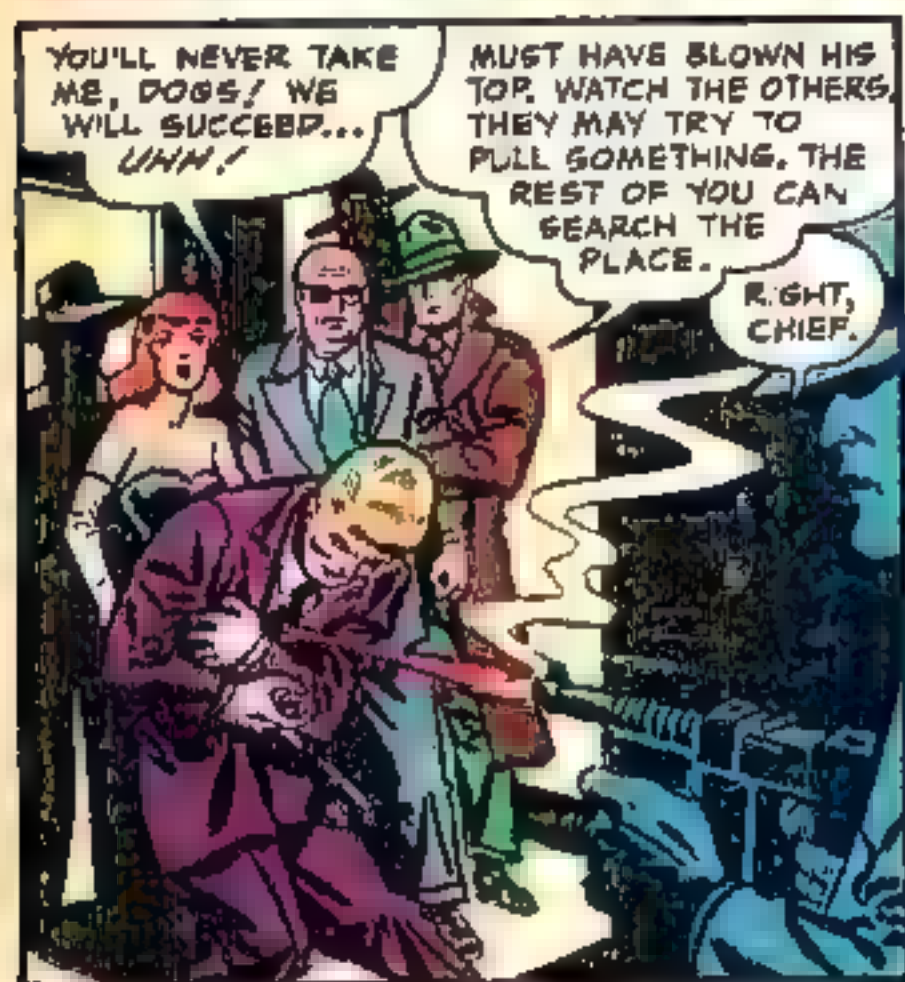
OKAY, BOYS, IN WE GO! UH!



THAT'S THE GIRL. TAKE THEM!

I'M SURE THERE'S BEEN SOME MISTAKE. WHAT'S HAPPENED?

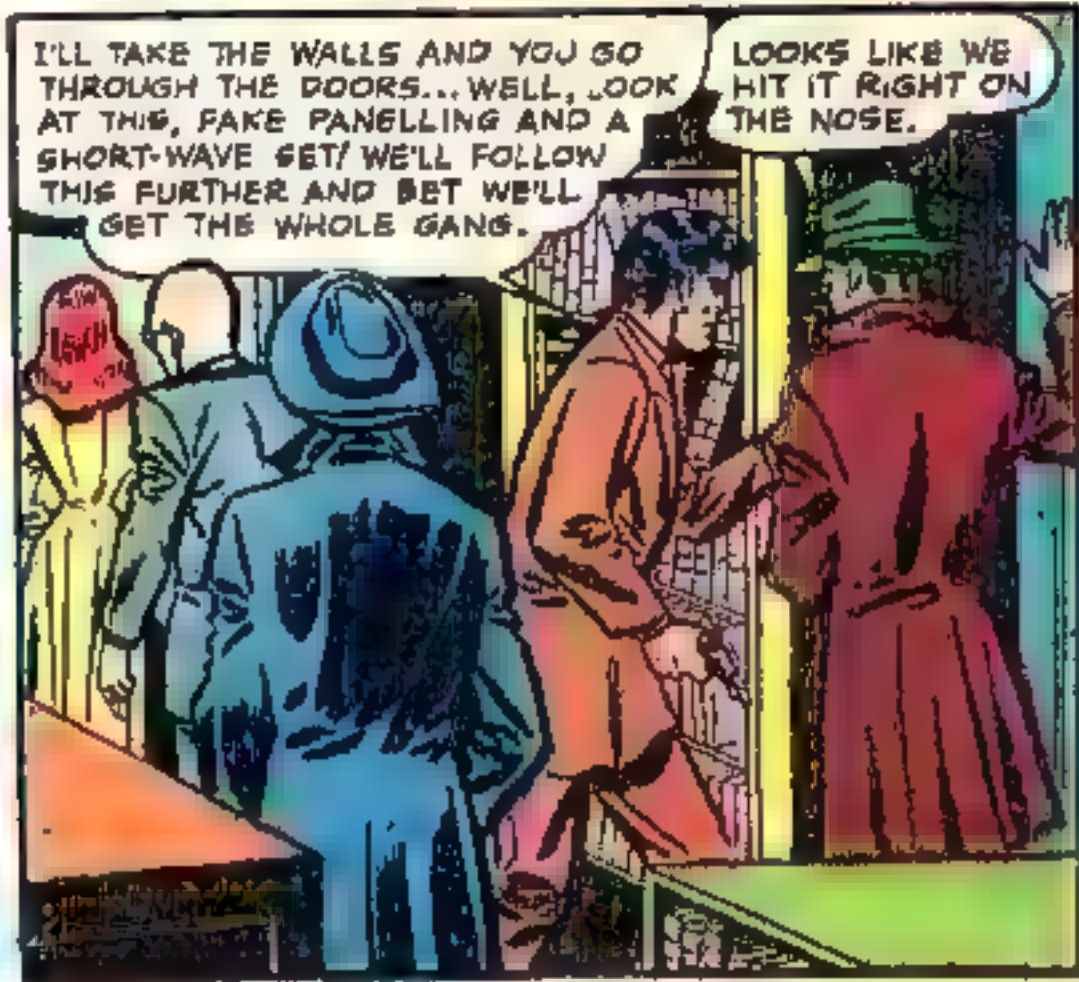
LOOK OUT, THAT BLONDE GUY HAS A GUN!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME, DOGS! WE WILL SUCCEED... UHH!

MUST HAVE BLOWN HIS TOP. WATCH THE OTHERS. THEY MAY TRY TO PULL SOMETHING. THE REST OF YOU CAN SEARCH THE PLACE.

RIGHT, CHIEF.



I'LL TAKE THE WALLS AND YOU GO THROUGH THE DOORS...WELL, LOOK AT THIS, FAKE PANNELLING AND A SHORT-WAVE SET! WE'LL FOLLOW THIS FURTHER AND BET WE'LL GET THE WHOLE GANG.

LOOKS LIKE WE HIT IT RIGHT ON THE NOSE.



THE SEARCH NOT ONLY REVEALED THE SECRET RADIO BUT EXPOSED THE WHOLE SPY RING DIRECTED BY HAMMER. THREE MONTHS LATER...

FOSTER, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW BOTH MARTA AND HAMMER WERE SENTENCED

HMPHH! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD THEY'RE OUT OF CIRCULATION.



THIS CASE MEANS A PROMOTION FOR YOU, FOSTER. WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO GLOOMY ABOUT?

I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT MARTA. NEXT TIME YOU ASSIGN ME TO A CASE, CHIEF, I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER IF THE GIRL WASN'T QUITE SO PRETTY!

"ONE FATAL MISTAKE!"

THE BELL over the door tinkled. Bud Chalmers, roving feature reporter of a Chicago Newspaper, stepped inside the fashionable *Fifth Avenue Doll Shoppe* in New York. He peered through the dimly lit store at the fantastic array of dolls that lined the shelves all around the store.

A door in the back of the shop opened. The proprietress, Tamira Doomer, came out of the work room and walked up to him.

"What can I do for you, sir?" she said.

Bud Chalmers grinned sheepishly. "I want to buy a doll for my girl back in Chicago," he said. "Something cute she can use as a paperweight, a heavy doll!"

Tamira Doomer's eyebrows lifted. "A *heavy* doll?" she questioned in a strange, tense voice.

"Yes," Bud said. "For a paperweight. Maybe one of those Russian dolls, a *nupk* peasant girl with red hair, wearing a dirndl! My girl looks a little like that!"

"Just a moment." Tamira Doomer disappeared into the work room at the back of the shop. She tapped her husband on the shoulder and he left his work bench. Together they studied Bud Chalmers through a peep hole.

"He had the right code message," Tamira said. "He asked for a *heavy* doll."

Her husband wearily turned away from the peephole. "Then what are you worried about?" he said. "He's the courier. Gave him the lead-lined doll containing the micro-film."

A minute later, Tamira Doomer handed a very heavy doll to Bud. The doll had red hair and was wearing a peasant costume. "This is just right," Bud said. "And it's heavy enough."

Tamira looked at Bud strangely. "For a moment," she said, "I wasn't sure if you were one of *them* or not. But now I'm sure!" Bud wondered what she was talking about. He thought, *This woman seems a little queer!* Bud paid for the doll and hurried out of the shop.

That night, as Bud Chalmers packed his bags for the return trip to Chicago, the phone rang. Bud picked up the phone, and he heard a harsh, rasping voice speaking.

"Mr. Chalmers?"

"Yes, Speaking."

"My name is Marek. I have been informed that you bought a doll today that I had ordered originally. The shopkeeper made a mistake. I would like to reimburse you and get my doll back."

"I'm sorry," Chalmers said, "but I'm leaving for Chicago in a few minutes, and I can't stay over in New York because of some mistake about a doll! I'm sure you can get another one exactly like it from the doll shop! Good-bye!"

Bud checked out of his hotel that night, and left a forwarding address in Chicago. He taxied to LaGuardia airfield, and from there flew home.

Shortly after Bud Chalmers left the hotel, a short, squat man appeared at the desk and asked for Bud's room number. Learning that Chalmers had checked out earlier that night, the stranger identified himself as Mr. Marek and asked for and received Mr. Chalmers' forwarding address.

A few days later, the strange hunt for the doll given to Bud Chalmers by mistake began in earnest. The hunt began with a phone call that was put through at the moment when Bud Chalmers was giving the doll to his fiancée, Mary Daley, a society reporter on the same paper. Bud picked up the phone and once again heard the harsh voice of Marek.

"Mr. Chalmers," Marek said, "I have come to Chicago for the express purpose of straightening out the matter of the doll. I have had an exact duplicate made of your doll. Will you accept it in a trade?"

Bud put his hand over the phone and looked at Mary. "This joker," he said, "wants me to trade dolls with him."

"Oh, go ahead," Mary said. "Let's find out what this is all about!"

Marek made an appointment to meet Bud Chalmers at twelve noon the next day at the Eastwood Avenue Station of the subway. Together, Chalmers and Mary Daley kept the date.

The subway platform was crowded when Mary and Bud arrived, carrying the doll wrapped in heavy, brown paper. A short, fat man,

accompanied by two tough-looking men, approached them. "I am Marek. Is that the doll, he said pointing to the package."

Bud felt strange at Marek's appearance and wondered about the two thugs that were with him. Just then a train rumbled into the station, pulling to a stop.

At that moment, two men stepped out from behind subway pillars and moved towards the group clustered around the doll. There were guns in their hands. One said, "It's those spies we've been trailing all right! And it looks like they've met their contact agents, a man and woman! Let's get them with the goods!"

Bud gripped Mary's arm tightly as out of the corner of his eye he saw two men moving towards them with guns drawn. He drew in his breath sharply.

"Get 'em up!" one of the men shouted. "We're F.B.I. agents, and we've got you espionage men with the goods! A gun cracked, answering back. Bud realized that Marek and the two men were shooting at the F.B.I. agents. The panic-stricken crowd in the subway scattered, men and women dropping to the floor. Suddenly one of the two men roughly shoved Bud and Mary into the subway just before the doors slammed shut. As the train pulled out of the station, they saw blue streaks of flame as the gun fight flared in the subway.

Silently Mary and Bud rode on, station after station. Bud clutched the doll tightly, not realizing that he held it in his hands. Finally, Mary spoke first.

"What do you think we ought to do, Bud?" she asked.

"I'm not sure," Bud said. "Somehow this doll has gotten us mixed up with foreign agents. Let's talk to the F.B.I."

Together, Bud Chalmers and Mary Daley went to the F.B.I. office in Chicago. The doll was forwarded to the counter espionage laboratory where it was discovered to contain a hollow lead core that held undeveloped microfilm records of the gamma rays given off by the trigger mechanism of the atom bomb. The counter espionage chief told Chalmers and Mary Daley that the microfilm was probably on its way to Russia via Alaska, and that apparently Bud Chalmers had been mistaken for a contact in the underground railroad, and had unwittingly smuggled the precious film on the first leg of his journey. Bud Chalmers was the first real contact the counter espionage service had in its attempt to crack down on the spy ring. For exclusive rights to the story, Bud Chalmers and

Mary Daley offered to serve as clay pigeons in a trap set to capture the enemy agents.

The man known as Marek next contacted Bud Chalmers two days later, and their phone conversation, recorded by dictaphones of the F.B.I., went something like this:

Marek: "Chalmers, you're no fool! You know that doll is valuable and the government wants it!"

Chalmers: "I don't want any part of this business! I don't want to risk my neck again!"

Marek: "Would you risk your neck for one hundred thousand dollars? That's the price I'm willing to pay for the doll!"

Pretending to go along with Marek, Bud Chalmers arranged a rendezvous at the information booth in the busy Union Railroad terminal. The counter espionage service promised to provide armed protection.

Bud Chalmers and Mary Daley kept their appointment with possible death. They waited long past the scheduled meeting time. Nervous and tense, they finally gave up, and walked out to the sidewalk to wait for a cab. A taxi pulled up. An arm reached out and swiftly jerked Mary and Bud into the cab. The taxi roared away! The two reporters had been tricked by the suspicious enemy agents, who had feared a trap. The lives of Mary and Bud hung by a thread.

At a lonely spot in the suburbs of Chicago, the cab pulled to a stop. "Get out," Marek ordered. Bud and Mary stood in the dark shadow of a tree as the doll was wrenched from Bud's hands. Marek pointed to one of the thugs that covered them with an ugly pistol. "Meet," he said, "the real messenger who was supposed to pick up the doll in New York!"

Marek leveled his gun at Bud's chest. "You know us now," he said. "Therefore you both must die!"

There was a loud screech of tires as two cars braked to a stop. Men poured out of the cars. There was the sharp bark of gunfire. Marek and his men scattered only to be cut down by the chattering Tommy guns of the F.B.I. The heart and brains of the enemy underground railway had been shot out.

The same day in New York, a raid was carried out on the doll shop of Tamara Doomer and her husband, and they were both captured. That night Chicago newspapers carried the story of the heavy doll, and the mistake the foreign agents made — under the byline of Bud Chalmers and Mary Daley.

The **TRAIL** of the **FAMILY HEIRLOOM**

BY MYRON FASS



In manhunts that stretch the length and breadth of the world, secret agents from many countries still hunt those few high-ranking Nazis who have escaped payment for their heinous deeds and have disappeared from human ken. Ofttimes a seemingly innocent occurrence sets in motion the dramatic chain of events which will lead to the capture of one of those arch-criminals and another name is struck from the wanted list of the War Crimes Commission. Such is the story of **THE TRAIL OF THE FAMILY HEIRLOOM**...

The German Headquarters of a world-wide organization to revive Nazism...

NACHT, THE WATCH JUST CAME. YOU CAN GO WITH IT TO THE CORRESPONDENT CHALMERS TOM GHT MAKE SURE YOU PLAY YOUR PART WELL. WE CANNOT AFFORD TO LOSE THIS CHANCE. EVERY

OTHER MEANS OF DELIVERY IS CAREFULLY WATCHED

I UNDERSTAND, HERR VELSCH. WHO WOULD SUSPECT AN ACCRED TED NEWSMAN? THE SOONER THEY GET THE WATCH THE BETTER

EXACTLY, NACHT. YOUR BRAINWORK ASTOUNDS ME! ONCE THEY GET THE LIST CODED IN HERE, THEY CAN BEGIN OUR GLORIOUS WORK AGAIN.

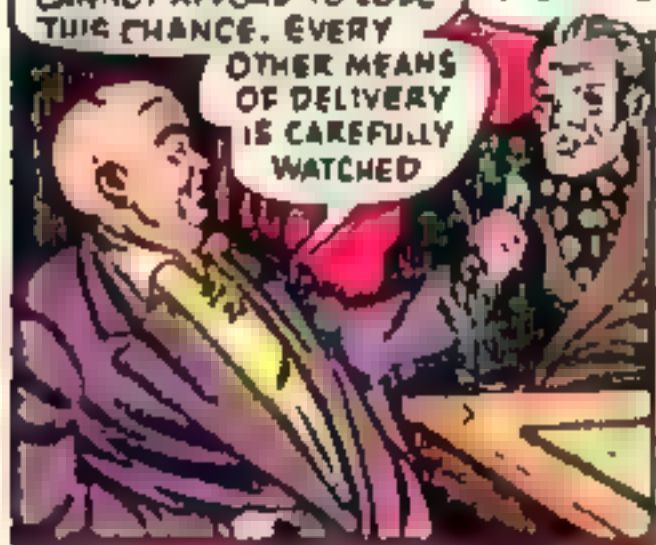
ACH, NO. HERR VELSCH. THE FATHER. LAND SHALL RISE TO CONQUER THE WORLD! HEIL!

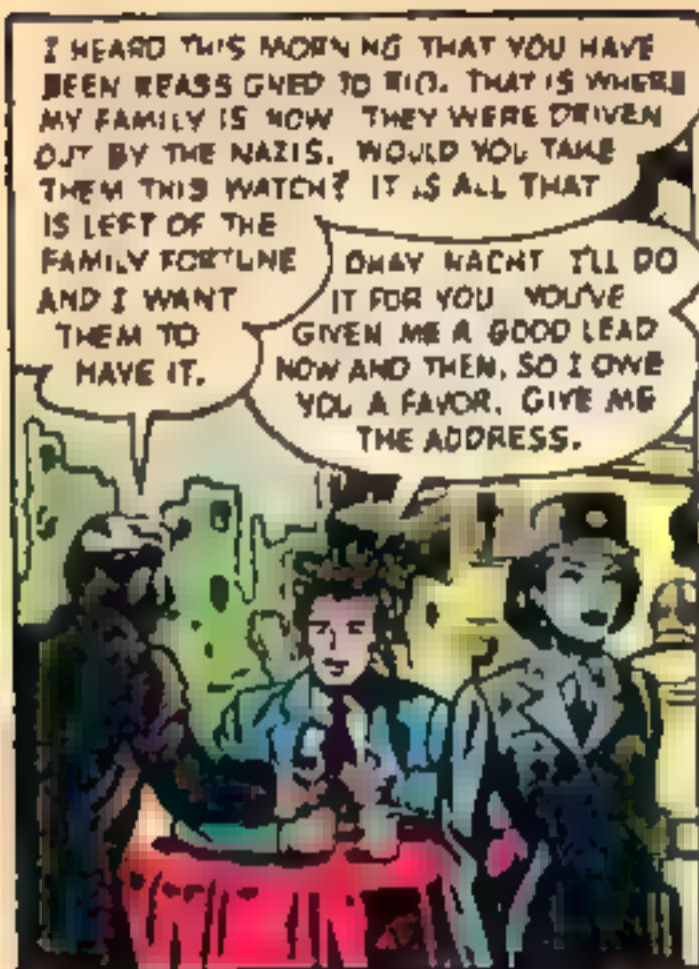
THIS TIME WE SHALL NOT FAIL!

August 1949, as Les Chalmers, U.S. correspondent, eats dinner at the Kaiserhof Hotel in the American Zone of Germany...

EXCUSE ME PLEASE, MR CHALMERS. I WOULD LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU...

OH, HELLO, NACHT. SURE, SPEAK UP. WHAT'S BOTHERING





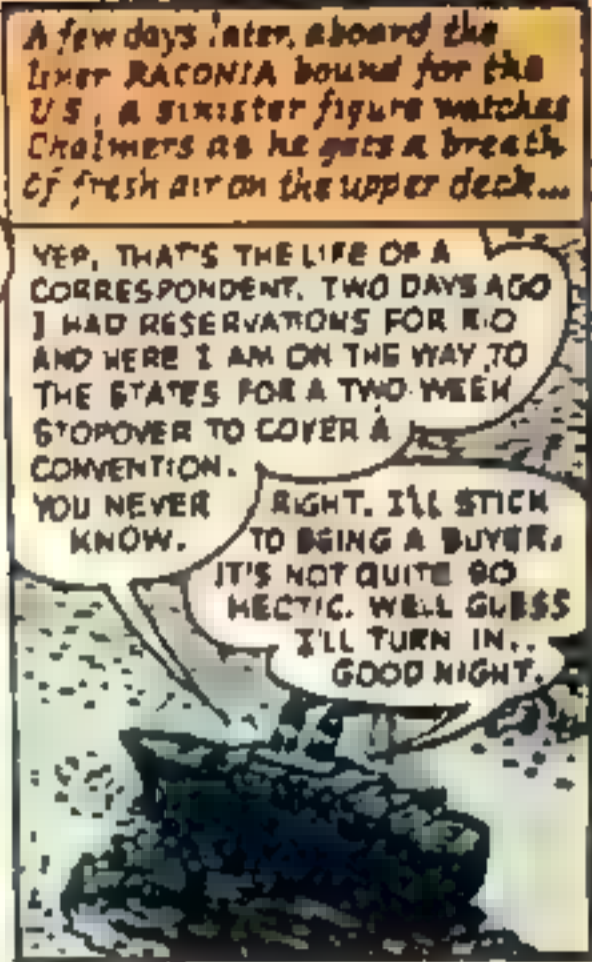
I HEARD THIS MORNING THAT YOU HAVE BEEN REASSIGNED TO R.I.O. THAT IS WHERE MY FAMILY IS NOW. THEY WERE DRIVEN OUT BY THE NAZIS. WOULD YOU TAKE THEM THIS WATCH? IT IS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE FAMILY FORTUNE AND I WANT THEM TO HAVE IT.

OHAY NACHT I'LL DO IT FOR YOU YOU'VE GIVEN ME A GOOD LEAD NOW AND THEN, SO I OWE YOU A FAVOR. GIVE ME THE ADDRESS.



OH, THANK YOU MR. CHALMERS THANK YOU THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU AT THE HOTEL. I KNEW YOU WERE A GENTLEMAN. THANK YOU.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO FOR ANYONE BOY, THAT'S SOME WATCH! I'D HATE TO LOSE IT. I'LL BET IT'S WORTH PLENTY!



A few days later, aboard the liner RACONIA bound for the U.S., a sinister figure watches Chalmers as he gets a breath of fresh air on the upper deck...

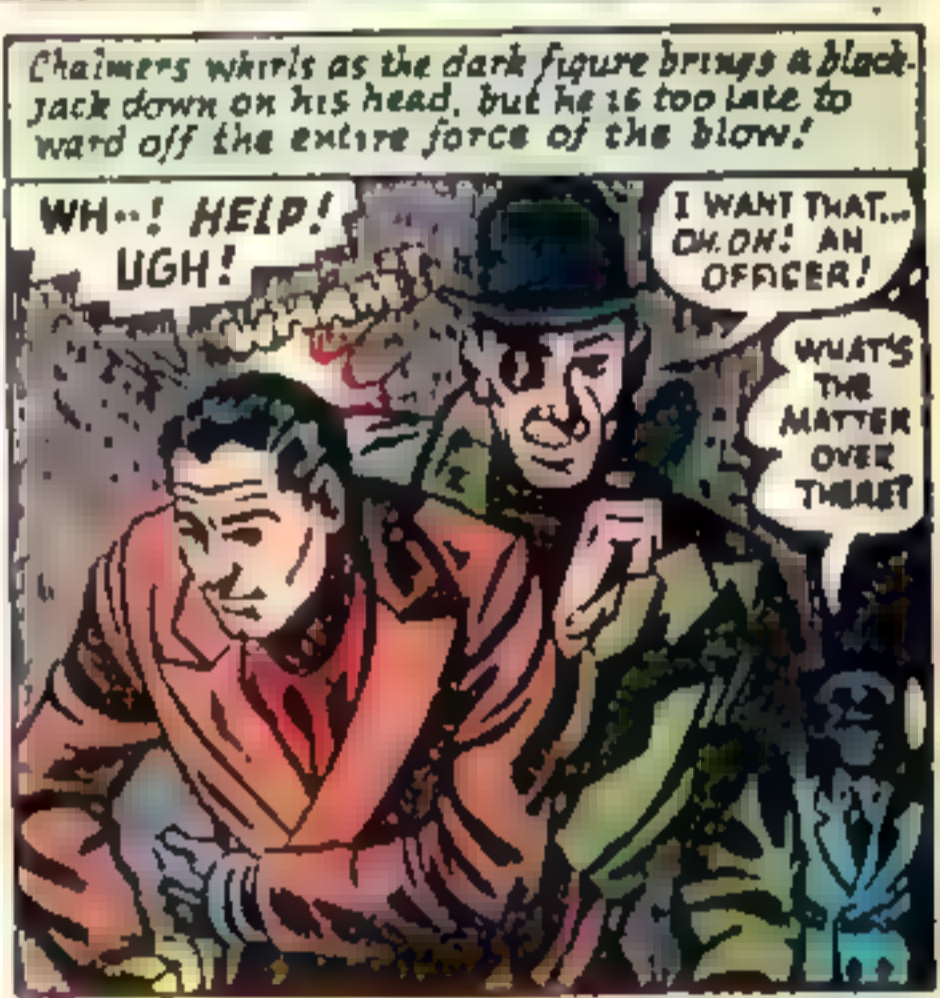
YEP, THAT'S THE LIFE OF A CORRESPONDENT. TWO DAYS AGO I HAD RESERVATIONS FOR R.I.O. AND HERE I AM ON THE WAY TO THE STATES FOR A TWO WEEK STOPOVER TO COVER A CONVENTION. YOU NEVER KNOW.

RIGHT. I'LL STICK TO BEING A BUYER. IT'S NOT QUITE SO HECTIC. WELL GUESS I'LL TURN IN. GOOD NIGHT.



A few seconds later...

I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE TOLD NACHT THAT I'D DELIVER HIS WATCH LATE, BEFORE I LEFT BUT THERE WASN'T TIME. WELL, A WEEK OR TWO WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE... WHAT'S THAT?



Chalmers whirls as the dark figure brings a black-jack down on his head, but he is too late to ward off the entire force of the blow!

WH...! HELP! UGH!

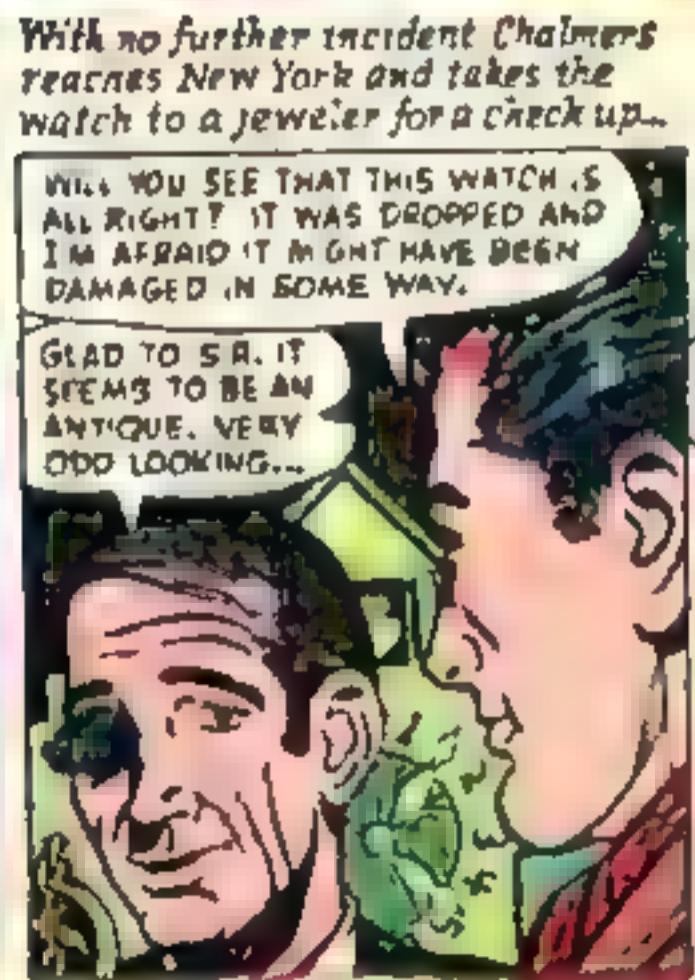
I WANT THAT... OH, OH! AN OFFICER!

WHAT'S THE MATTER OVER THERE?



WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU ILL? I SURE HAVE! SOMEBODY SLUGGED ME! ON THE HEAD! CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THEY WANT! MAYBE IT'S SOMEBODY WHO READS MY ARTICLES.

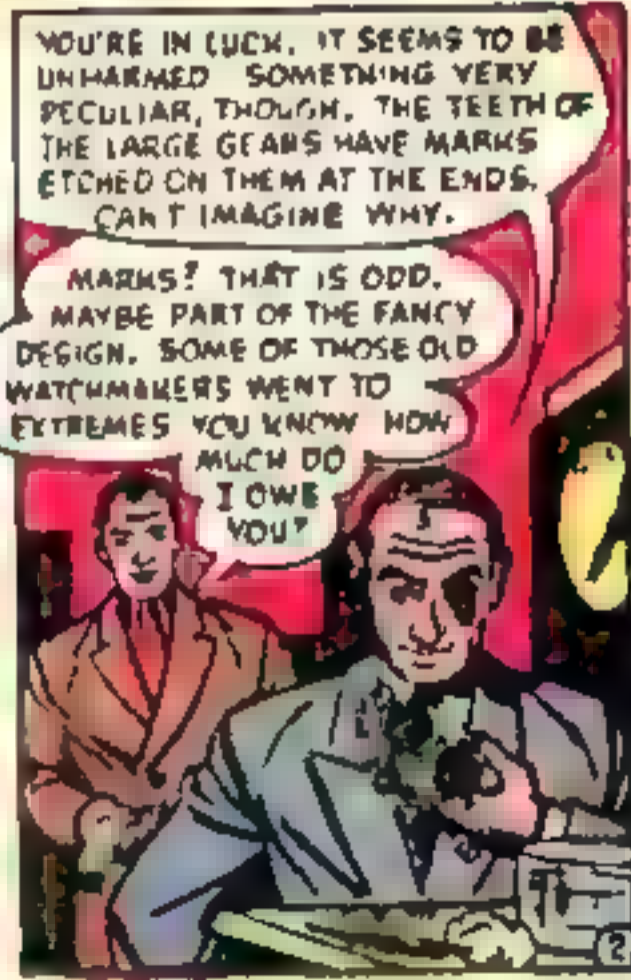
HAVE AN ATTACK OF DIZZINESS OR SOMETHING?



With no further incident Chalmers reaches New York and takes the watch to a jeweler for a check up...

WILL YOU SEE THAT THIS WATCH IS ALL RIGHT? IT WAS DROPPED AND I'M AFRAID IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DAMAGED IN SOME WAY.

GLAD TO S.R. IT SEEMS TO BE AN ANTIQUE. VERY ODD LOOKING...



YOU'RE IN LUCK. IT SEEMS TO BE UNHARMED SOMETHING VERY PECULIAR, THOUGH. THE TEETH OF THE LARGE GEARS HAVE MARKS ETCHED ON THEM AT THE ENDS. CAN'T IMAGINE WHY.

MARKS? THAT IS ODD. MAYBE PART OF THE FANCY DESIGN. SOME OF THOSE OLD WATCHMAKERS WENT TO EXTREMES YOU KNOW HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?

MUCH DO I OWE YOU?

Chalmers was not as disinterested as he seemed to be. The following morning found him in the office of the U.S. Secret Service...

...AND WHAT WITH THE ATTACK ON THE LINER, THE UNUSUALNESS OF THOSE MARKS AND THE UNSAVORY CHARACTER OF THE MAN WHO GAVE IT TO ME, I THOUGHT YOU'D BETTER SEE IT.

THAT WAS A BIT OF CLEAR THINKING, CHALMERS. IT MAY BE NOTHING, BUT THEN AGAIN, I MYSELF THINK IT IS A CODE. I'LL HAVE IT PHOTOGRAPHED AND EXAMINED. CALL ME ON FRIDAY.



The following Friday...

I THOUGHT I'D BETTER SEE YOU PERSONALLY, MR. CHALMERS. OUR LAB MEN HAVE DETERMINED THOSE MARKS ARE A CODE. WHEN THE GEARS ARE REMOVED AND MESHED WITH ANOTHER WATCH, IT IS SOLVED.

BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S IMPORTANT? IT MAY BE JUST SOME INFORMATION ABOUT MONEY LEFT BEFORE THE WAR OR...



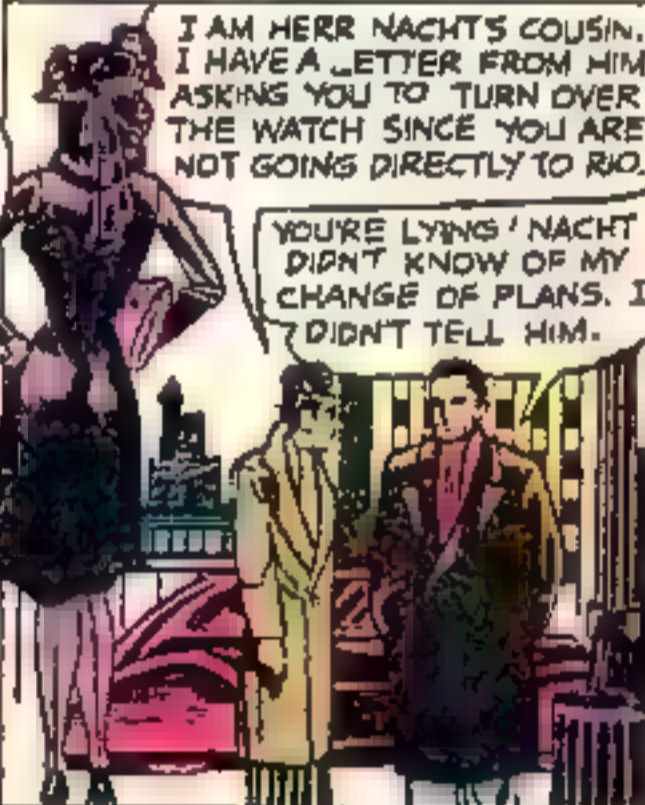
NO, THEY'VE GONE TO TOO MUCH TROUBLE FOR IT TO BE NOTHING. WE WANT THAT OTHER WATCH. AND I WANT TO SEND AN AGENT IN YOUR PLACE TO TRY TO GET IT. THERE'S AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT TO REVIVE NAZISM ABOARD AND WE THINK THIS IS PART OF IT.

IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME. I'VE NEEDED A VACATION FOR QUITE A WHILE. I'LL GO UP TO MY BROTHER'S FARM TONIGHT.

But fate determined otherwise... Waiting outside the building was Chalmers' mysterious assailant and another man...

I AM HERR NACHT'S COUSIN. I HAVE A LETTER FROM HIM ASKING YOU TO TURN OVER THE WATCH SINCE YOU ARE NOT GOING DIRECTLY TO RIO.

YOU'RE LYING! NACHT DIDN'T KNOW OF MY CHANGE OF PLANS. I DIDN'T TELL HIM.



HMPH! YOU'RE A FOOL, MR. CHALMERS. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE MORE REASONABLE. YOU AND THE WATCH ARE GOING TO SOUTH AMERICA WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

WHY DIDN'T WE CONK HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE INSTEAD OF PLAYING AROUND. YOU WASTE TOO MUCH TIME ACTING LIKE IN THE MOVIES!

UNNHH!



Two days later, agent Rick Johnson arrives at the hacienda of Nacht's relatives outside Rio...

I'M LES CHALMERS, THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT. I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU FROM YOUR RELATIVE WILLY NACHT, WHO IS STILL IN GERMANY.

ACH, SO! I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU. WILLY WROTE ME THAT YOU WERE COMING WITH THE WATCH. IT IS FAR TOO VALUABLE TO TRUST TO THE MAELS. BUT FORGIVE ME, I AM FRIEDRICH GRUPPER.

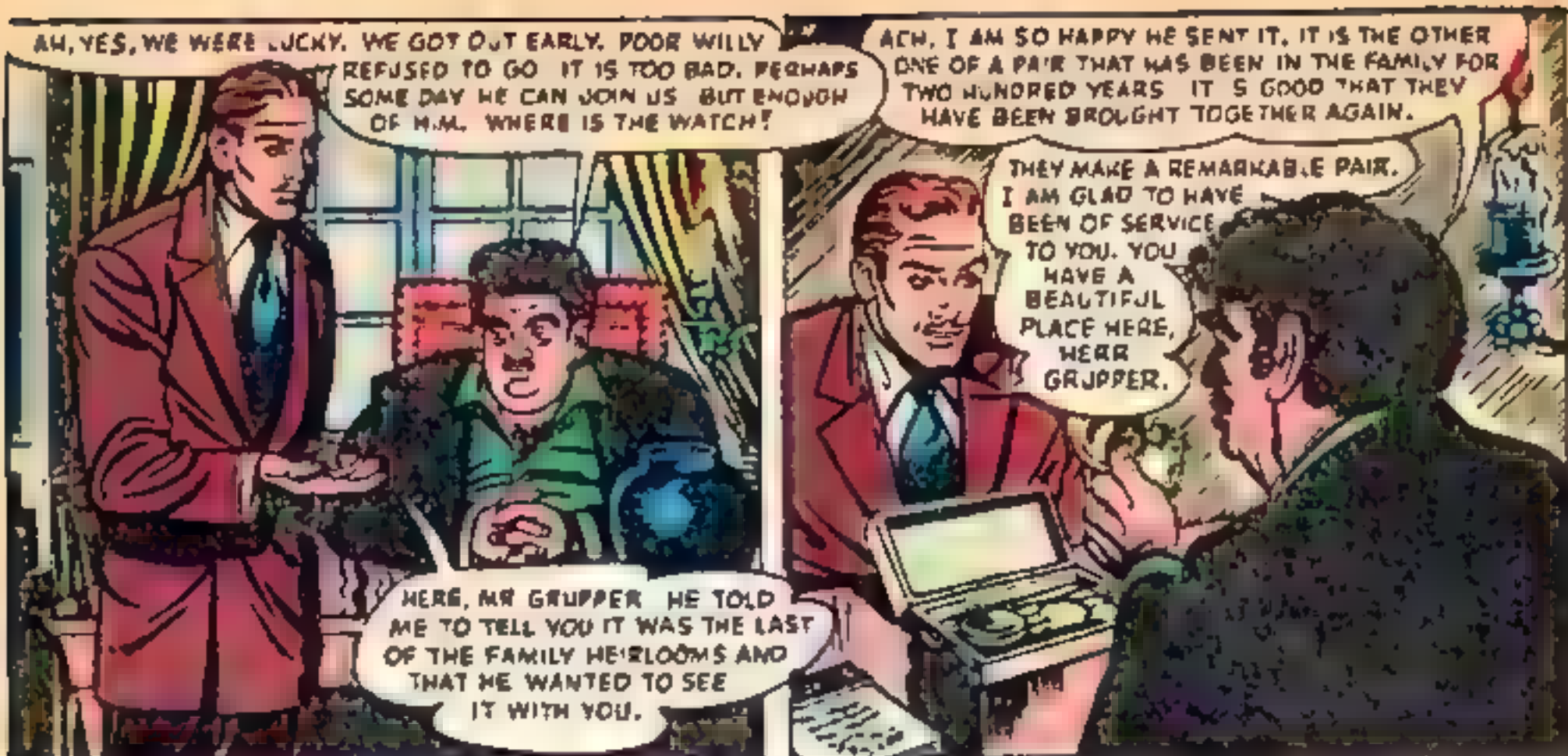


WELL, I DIDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING LIKE THIS. THE WAY WILLY LIVES, I THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE AS POOR AS CHURCH MICE.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING, AREN'T THEY, MR. CHALMERS? I'M VERY GLAD TO MEET YOU.

AND THIS IS MY SECRETARY, MISS HOLM.





AH, YES, WE WERE LUCKY. WE GOT OUT EARLY. POOR WILLY REFUSED TO GO. IT IS TOO BAD. PERHAPS SOME DAY HE CAN JOIN US. BUT ENOUGH OF HIM. WHERE IS THE WATCH?

ACH, I AM SO HAPPY HE SENT IT. IT IS THE OTHER ONE OF A PAIR THAT HAS BEEN IN THE FAMILY FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS. IT IS GOOD THAT THEY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TOGETHER AGAIN.

THEY MAKE A REMARKABLE PAIR. I AM GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE TO YOU. YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL PLACE HERE, HERR GRUPPER.

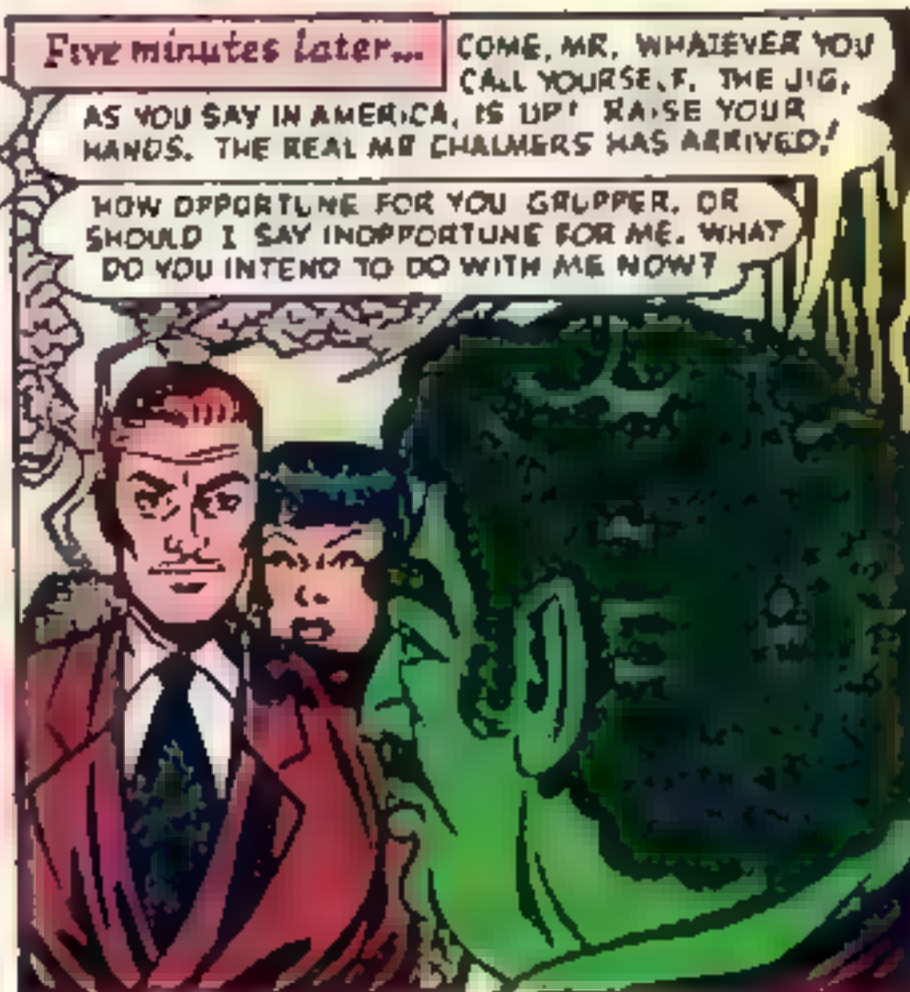
HERE, MR GRUPPER. HE TOLD ME TO TELL YOU IT WAS THE LAST OF THE FAMILY HEIRLOOMS AND THAT HE WANTED TO SEE IT WITH YOU.



IT IS, INDEED. PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE REST OF IT. I'LL HAVE MY SECRETARY SHOW YOU AROUND.

I SHOULD ENJOY THAT VERY MUCH.

COME, MR CHALMERS. WE WILL BEGIN WITH THE GARDENS.



Five minutes later... COME, MR. WHATEVER YOU CALL YOURSELF, THE JIG, AS YOU SAY IN AMERICA, IS UP! RAISE YOUR HANDS. THE REAL MR CHALMERS HAS ARRIVED!

HOW OPPORTUNE FOR YOU GRUPPER, OR SHOULD I SAY INOPPORTUNE FOR ME. WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH ME NOW?



As the girl shows agent Johnson the grounds, disaster arrives!

HELLO GRUPPER. WE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT. THIS IS LES CHALMERS.

WE TRIED TO MAKE HIM TALK.

CHALMERS! HE!... OHO! I SEE IT ALL NOW! LOCK HIM UP AND COME WITH ME!



NOTHING, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TILL I CHECK THE WATCHES. IF THEY ARE ALL RIGHT, YOU WILL BE DISPOSED OF. IF NOT, THERE ARE WAYS TO MAKE YOU TALK. LOCK HIM UP WITH CHALMERS, GREEN!

RIGHT. COME ON, HERMANN. LET'S PUT THIS SWINE WITH HIS FRIEND. THEY MUST HAVE LOTS TO TALK OVER.

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THE HOSPITALITY COME ON, BOYS!



In the temporary lock-up, Johnson receives some startling news...

... AND THE MINUTE I LAID MY EYES ON HIM, I KNEW WHO HE WAS. I USED TO SEE HIM AT ALL THE NAZI RALLIES WHEN I COVERED THEM FOR MY PAPER. HE'S REICHERT HEINMANN THE NAZI BIGWIG!

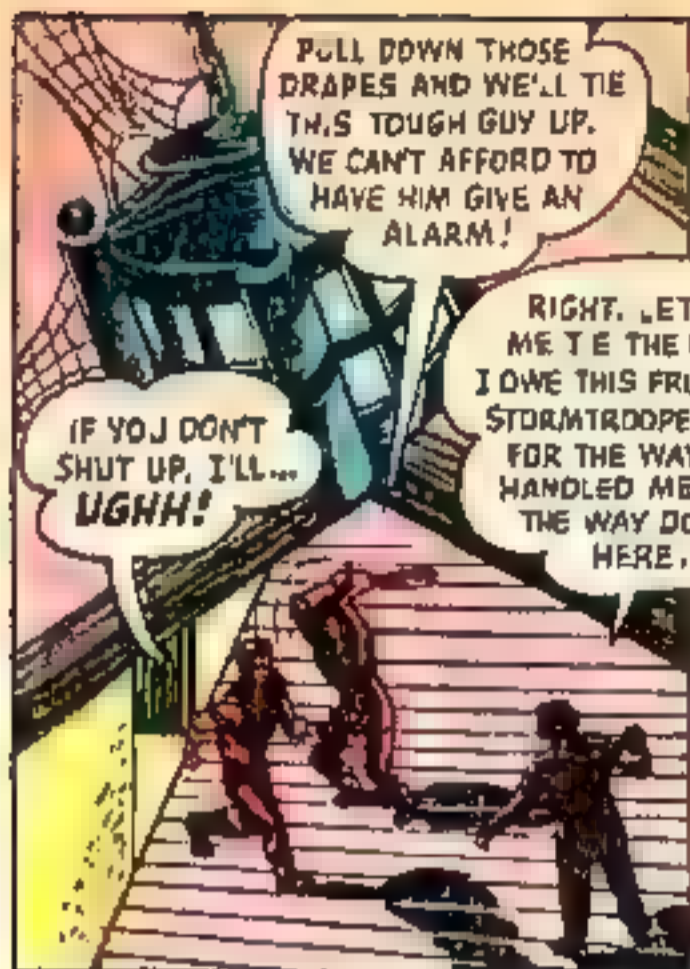
WHY! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! IF WE COULD NAIL THAT RAT WHY... NEVER MIND THAT NOW, LET'S CONCENTRATE ON ESCAPE, WONDER IF THEY'LL FALL FOR THIS OLDIE... LISTEN...

A few minutes later...

OHH! OHH! I'M DYING! HELP ME! HELP! PLEASE! OHHH!

SOMEBODY, COME QUICK! CHALMERS HAS TAKEN POISON! HURRY! HE SAYS HE HAS SOMETHING TO SAY BEFORE HE DIES!

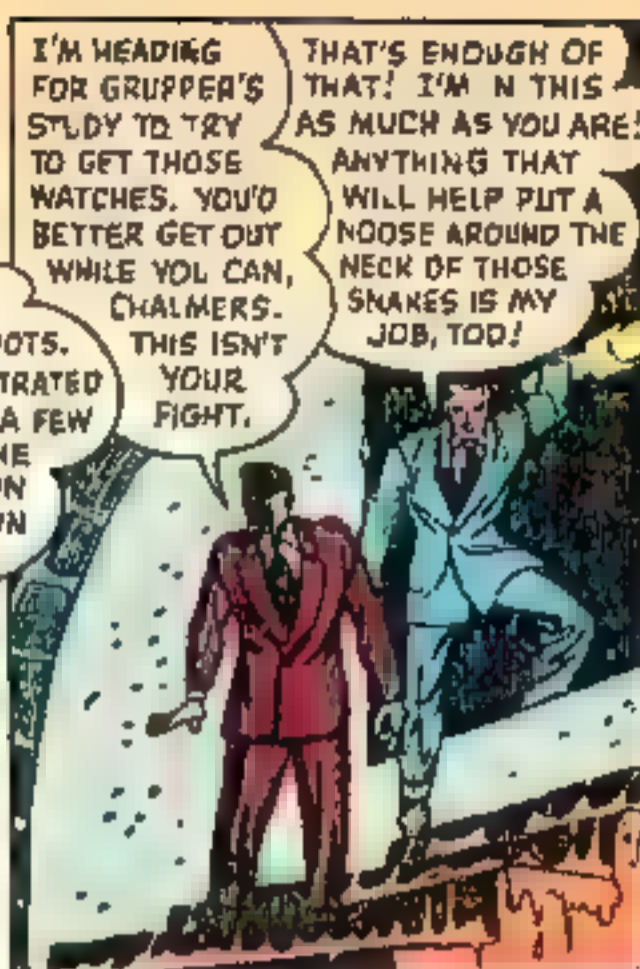




PULL DOWN THOSE DRAPES AND WE'LL TIE THIS TOUGH GUY UP. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE HIM GIVE AN ALARM!

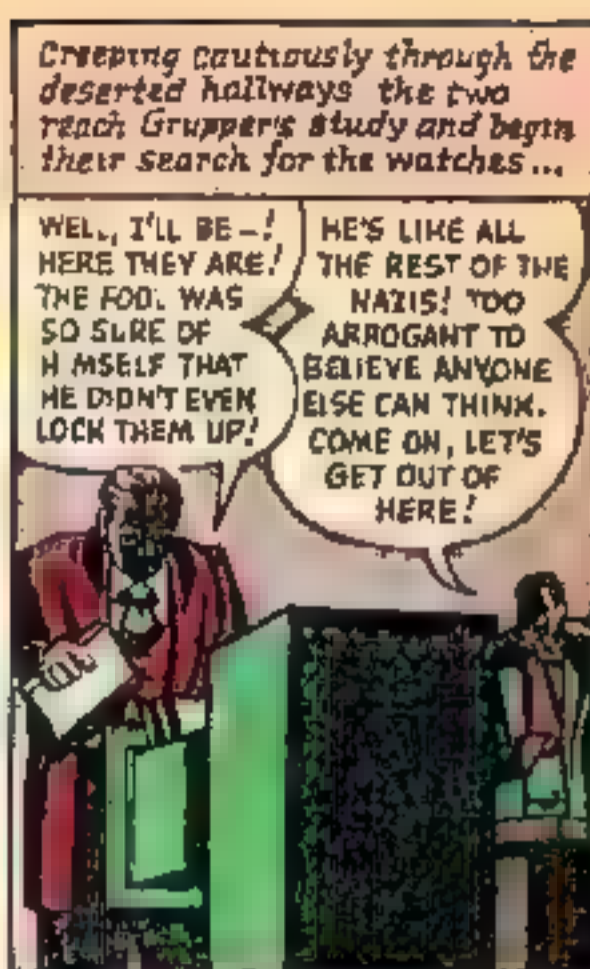
IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, I'LL... UGHH!

RIGHT. LET ME TIE THE KNOTS. I OWE THIS FRUSTRATED STORMTROOPER A FEW FOR THE WAY HE HANDLED ME ON THE WAY DOWN HERE.



I'M HEADING FOR GRUPPER'S STUDY TO TRY TO GET THOSE WATCHES. YOU'D BETTER GET OUT WHILE YOU CAN, CHALMERS. THIS ISN'T YOUR FIGHT.

THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT! I'M IN THIS AS MUCH AS YOU ARE! ANYTHING THAT WILL HELP PUT A NOOSE AROUND THE NECK OF THOSE SNAKES IS MY JOB, TOO!



WELL, I'LL BE--! HERE THEY ARE! THE FODL WAS SO SURE OF HIMSELF THAT HE DIDN'T EVEN LOCK THEM UP!

HE'S LIKE ALL THE REST OF THE NAZIS! TOO ARROGANT TO BELIEVE ANYONE ELSE CAN THINK. COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

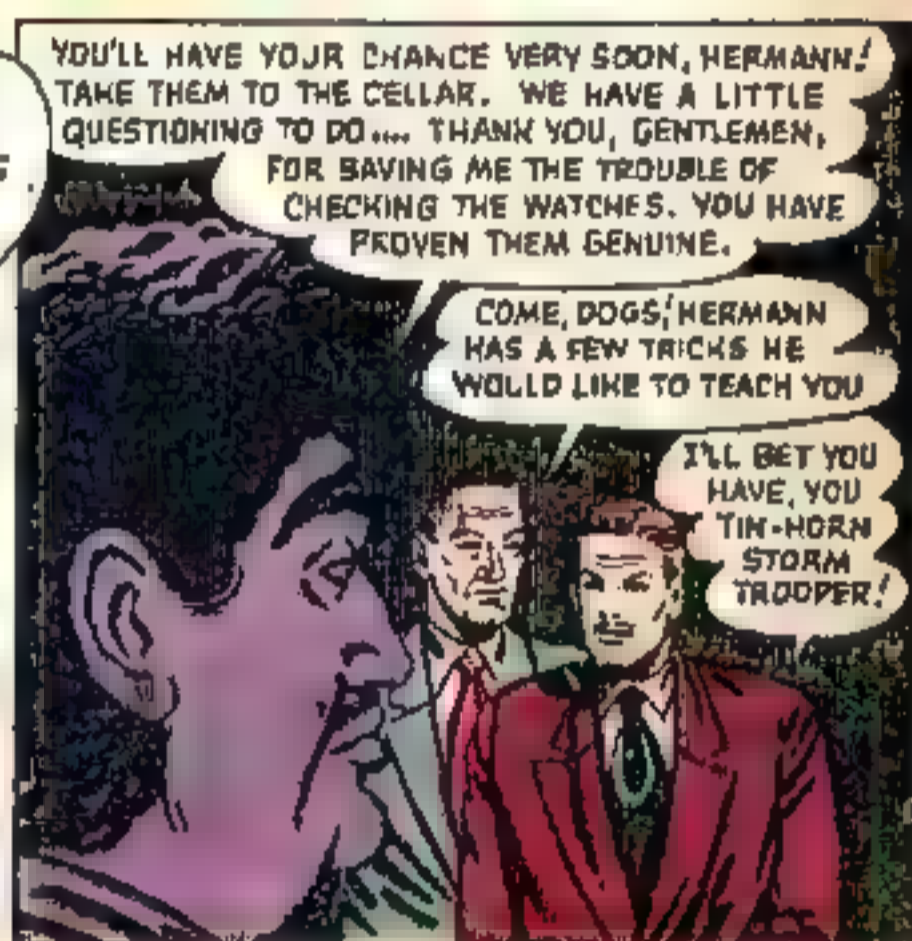


Suddenly, lights flash on!

GOING SOMEWHERE, GENTLEMEN?... I'LL TAKE THAT CASE, MR. ... WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

JOHNSON, HERE HE NEMANN! IT SEEMS WE'RE BOTH GUILTY OF THE HABIT OF CHANGING NAMES, DOESN'T IT? WHO GOT HERMANN LOOSE?

LET ME AT HIM! I'D LIKE TO TEACH THAT SWINE A LESSON!



YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE VERY SOON, HERMANN! TAKE THEM TO THE CELLAR. WE HAVE A LITTLE QUESTIONING TO DO.... THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN, FOR SAVING ME THE TROUBLE OF CHECKING THE WATCHES. YOU HAVE PROVEN THEM GENUINE.

COME, DOGS! HERMANN HAS A FEW TRICKS HE WOULD LIKE TO TEACH YOU

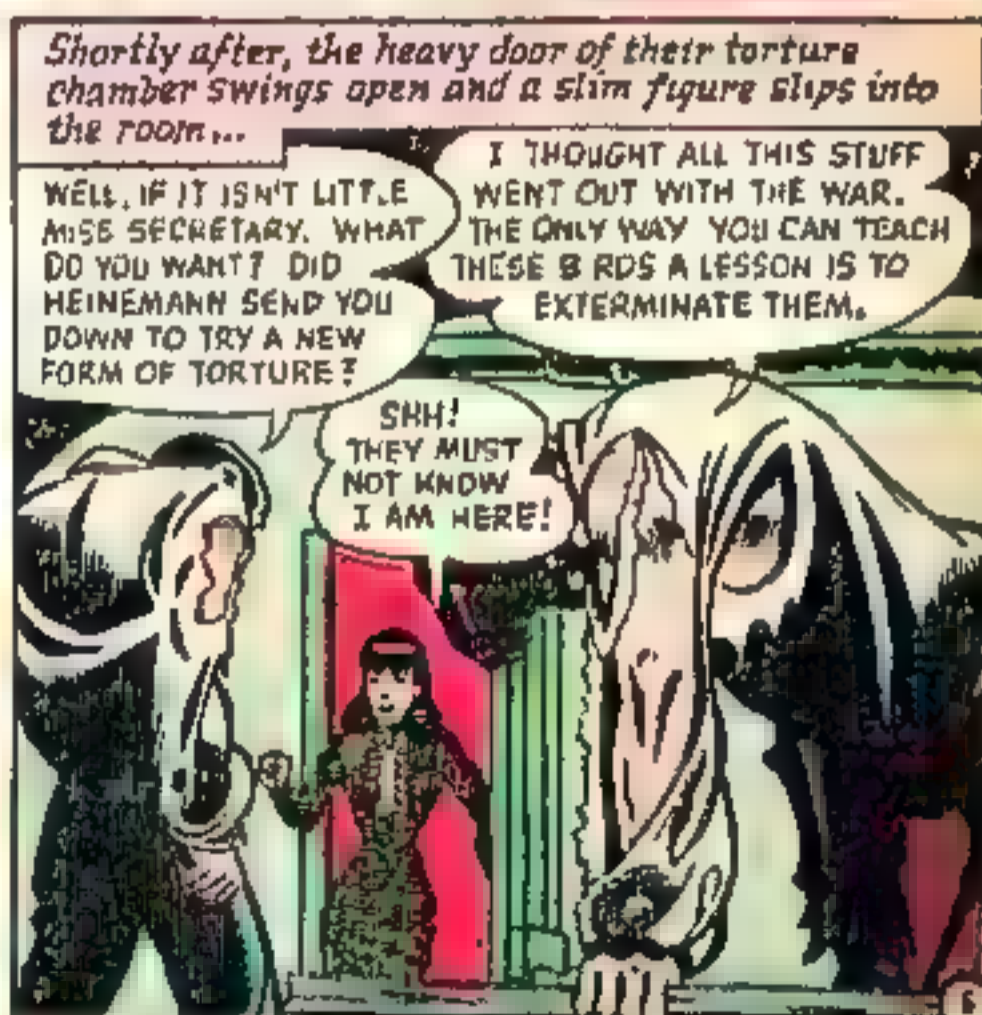
I'LL BET YOU HAVE, YOU TIN-HORN STORM TROOPER!



An hour later...

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO, HERMANN, THEY MUST TELL US WHO THEY ARE WORKING WITH AND HOW MUCH THEY'VE FOUND OUT!

Hold a moment, HEINRICH. LET US LEAVE THEM ALONE FOR AWHILE. LET THEM TALK IT OVER FOR AN HOUR OR TWO. WAITING FOR US TO RETURN WILL SOFTEN THEM UP.



Shortly after, the heavy door of their torture chamber swings open and a slim figure slips into the room...

WELL, IF IT ISN'T LITTLE MISS SECRETARY. WHAT DO YOU WANT? DID HEINEMANN SEND YOU DOWN TO TRY A NEW FORM OF TORTURE?

I THOUGHT ALL THIS STUFF WENT OUT WITH THE WAR. THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN TEACH THESE B RDS A LESSON IS TO EXTERMINATE THEM.

SHH! THEY MUST NOT KNOW I AM HERE!

I WANT TO HELP YOU!
I AM HERE FOR THE SAME
THING YOU ARE. I AM
WITH THE FRENCH
ESPIONAGE SERVICE.
WE, TOO, HAVE BEEN
SEEKING HEINEMANN.

IF I EVER
GET OUT OF THIS,
I'LL SETTLE DOWN
AND WRITE GRADE B
THRILLERS. TO THINK
I ALWAYS THOUGHT
THEY WERE
FONIES.

YEAH, I'LL
BET. IS THIS
ANOTHER OF
HEINEMANN'S
CORNY TRICKS
TO GET US TO
OPEN UP? IT
WON'T GET HIM
ANYWHERE.

PLEASE, YOU MUST BELIEVE
ME. I HAVE BEEN HERE
ONLY THREE WEEKS.
HEINEMANN THINKS
I AM THE DAUGHTER
OF A HIGH NAZI.
I HAVE BEEN
WAITING FOR
THOSE
WATCHES...

OKAY,
MAYBE YOU
ARE LEGITIMATE BUT
WHAT CAN YOU
DO? THOSE
BULLY BOYS ARE
WATCHING THE
HOUSE LIKE
HAWKS!

CAN YOU
GET US SOME
GUNS?

WAIT! I'VE A BETTER IDEA!
CAN YOU PHONE WITHOUT
HEINEMANN KNOWING
IT? IF YOU CAN, I WANT
YOU TO CALL THE U.S.
EMBASSY IN R.D.
THEY'LL KNOW WHAT
TO DO.

YOU'RE RIGHT.
THOSE RATS PLAN
TO KILL US!

I'LL TRY, BUT
MEANWHILE
YOU MUST
STALL AND
NOT TALK!

Several
minutes
later,
as the
girl
completes
her call
to the
embassy...

OH!!

AH, MY DEAR MISS HOLM, THAT
WAS A MISTAKE. YOU SHOULD
NOT HAVE MADE THAT CALL.
IT WAS TOO EXPENSIVE.
IT WILL COST YOU
YOUR LIFE!

I HAVE ALWAYS FELT YOU
WERE NOT OF THE STUFF THAT
OUR WOMEN WERE MADE OF!
COME, YOU CAN JOIN YOUR
FRIENDS
DOWN-
STAIRS!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH
THIS! NO MATTER WHERE
YOU GO, SOMEONE WILL HUNT
YOU DOWN!

WHAT A PITY YOU AND
YOUR FRIENDS IN THE
CELLAR WON'T BE
AROUND TO SEE IT!
HEINRICH!
HERMANN!

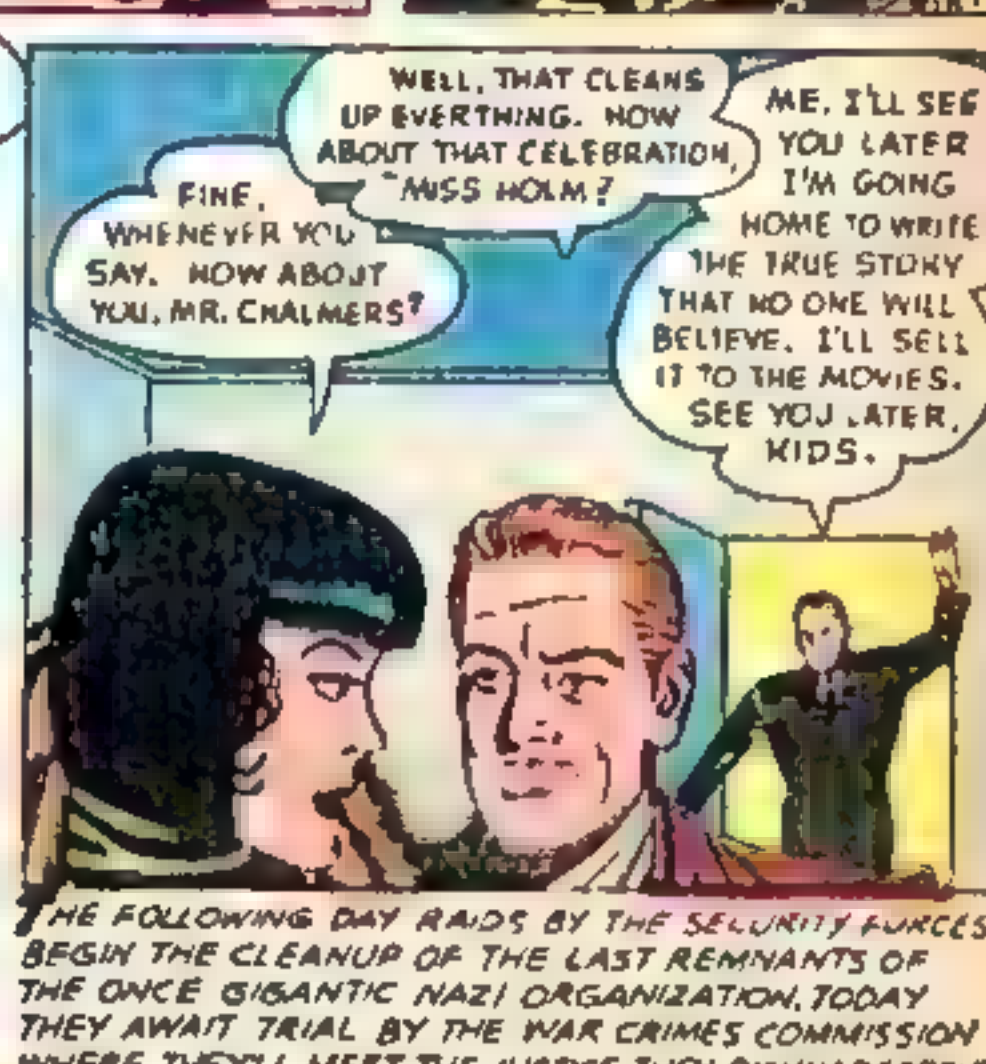
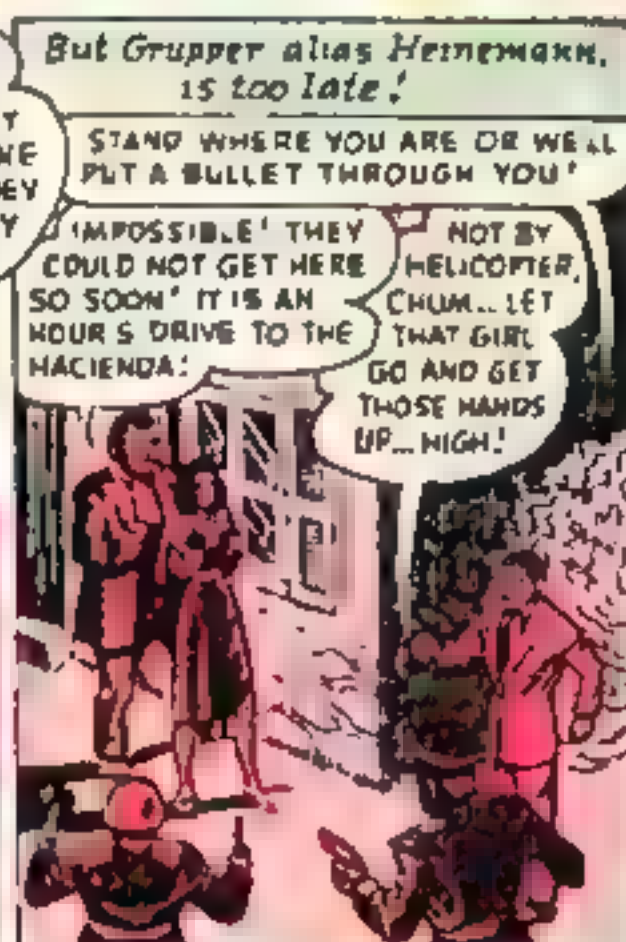
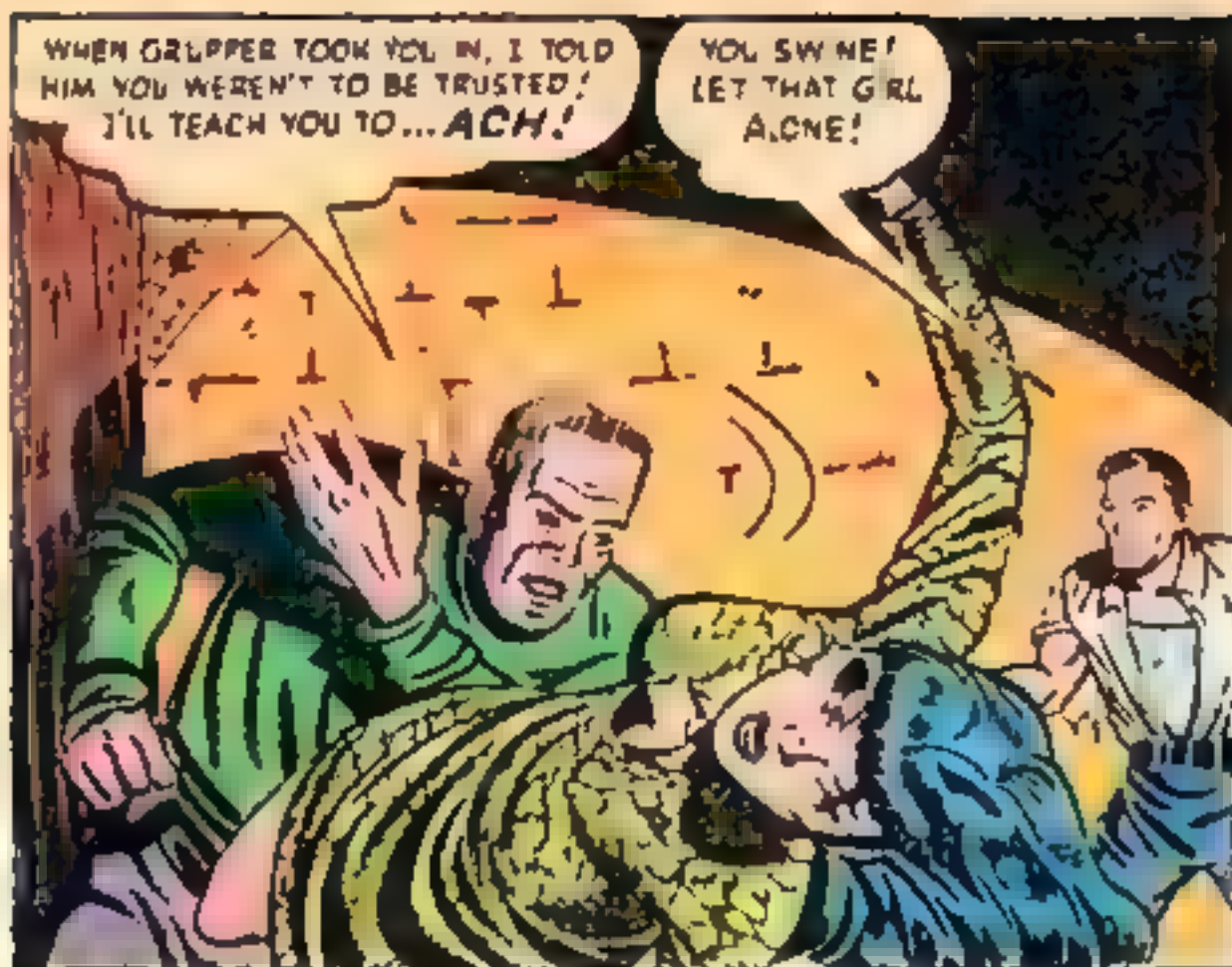
NO! JEANNE!
I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!

WHAT HAS
HAPPENED?
DO WE GO
DOWN TO
FINISH
THEM?

Downstairs...

THERE IS NO
TIME FOR ANY
QUESTIONS. THEY MUST BE
ELIMINATED IMMEDIATELY-- ALL
THREE OF THEM! THEN WE'VE
GOT TO GET OUT OF
HERE. OUR LITTLE
FRIEND HAS LET
THE CAT OUT
OF THE BAG!

SO! BEFORE I KILL
HER, I'LL MAKE HER
SORRY SHE EVER
OPENED HER
MOUTH!



DONOVAN

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE

AT THE END OF WORLD WAR II AMERICAN MILITARY LEADERS REALIZED THE NECESSITY OF A COUNTER-ESPIONAGE SYSTEM. NO LONGER WERE WE SECURED BY OUR OCEANS AGAINST ENEMY ATTACK. WE NEEDED A BUREAU TO COMBAT ENEMY-SPY ACTIVITIES AND PROTECT ALL FREEDOM-LOVING PEOPLE. THUS WAS BORN... CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE!

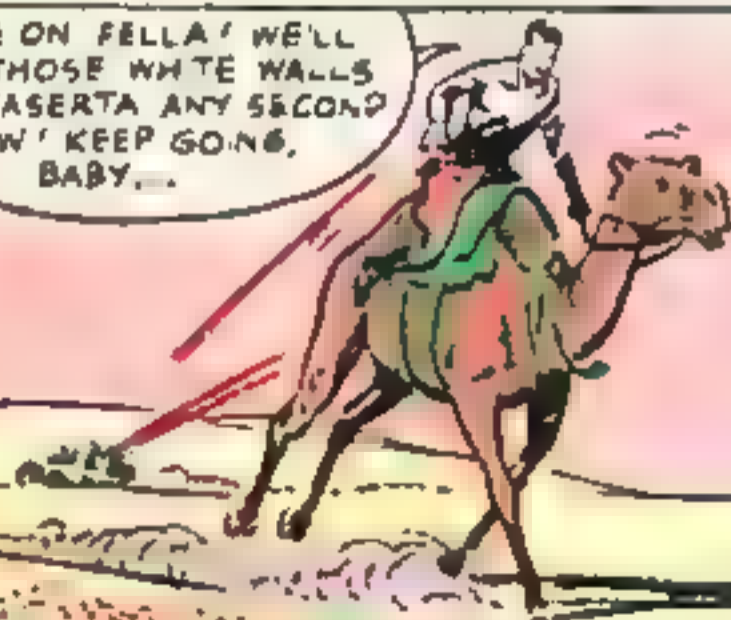
THIS STORY IS BASED ON THE FILES OF CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE-THAT NEW UNITED STATES COUNTER-ESPIONAGE SERVICE ESTABLISHED DURING WORLD WAR II-AND TOLD BY A MAN WHOSE NAME MUST BE CENSORED, THOUGH WE KNOW HIM AS...

Donovan-of Central Intelligence!



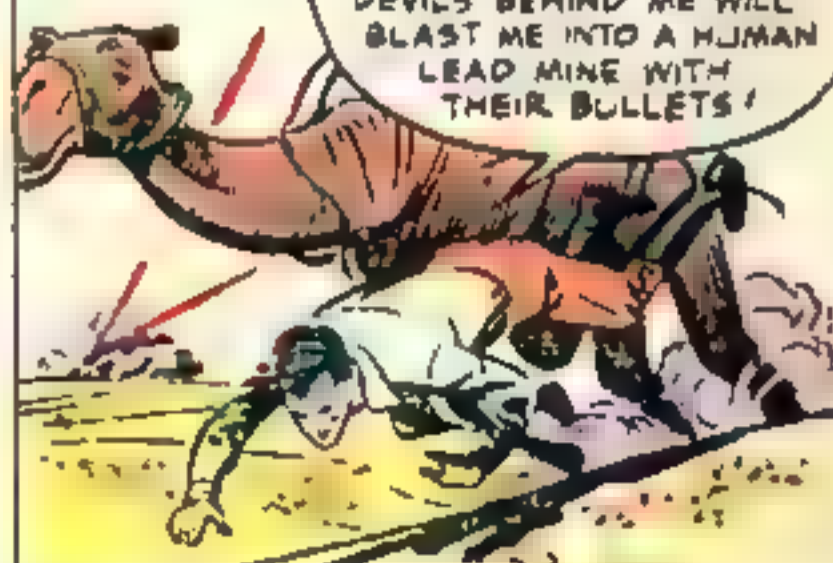
CASERTA WAS JUST OVER THE NEXT SAND DUNE-I THOUGHT! I SENT THE MEHARA* RUNNING LIKE A NOTRE DAME HALFBACK, KNOWING THAT NO HALF-TRACK EVER MADE COULD KEEP UP WITH THESE BABIES ON SAND...!

COME ON FELLA! WE'LL SEE THOSE WHITE WALLS OF CASERTA ANY SECOND NOW! KEEP GOING, BABY...



AND THEN A BULLET ENDED ITS SONG IN MY CAMEL'S RIBS, AND I WENT FOR A FACIAL MASSAGE SMACK IN THE HOT FLOOR OF THE SAHARA!

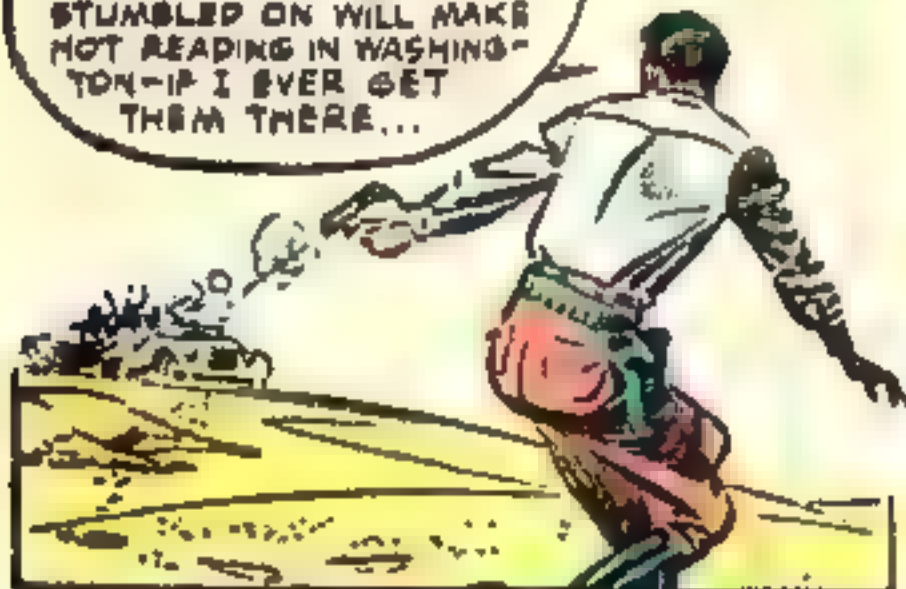
I'LL NEVER GET THOSE PLANS TO THE AMERICAN CONSUL NOW! THOSE DEVILS BEHIND ME WILL BLAST ME INTO A HUMAN LEAD MINE WITH THEIR BULLETS!



*Editors Note: MEHARA-A TAURES RACING CAMEL.

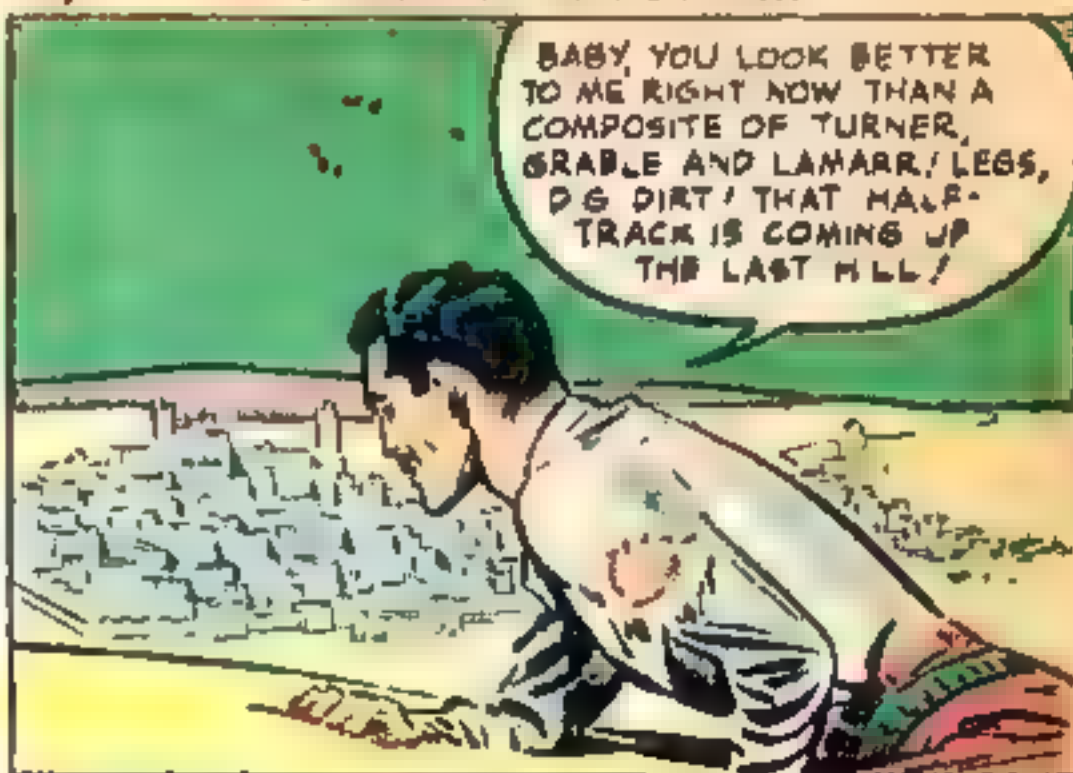
MAYBE THE HOT SAND GOT ME MAD. MAYBE IT TOUCHED OFF A STREAK OF CRAZINESS THAT A GIRL I KNEW ALWAYS SAID I HAD. I BEGAN RUNNING-WILDLY, HELPLESSLY-AND AS I RAN, I BEGAN TO PRACTICE MY MARKSMANSHIP...

THOSE PLANS ON LAUNCHING CRADLES FOR RADIO-CONTROLLED MISSILES THAT I STUMBLED ON WILL MAKE HOT READING IN WASHINGTON-IF I EVER GET THEM THERE...



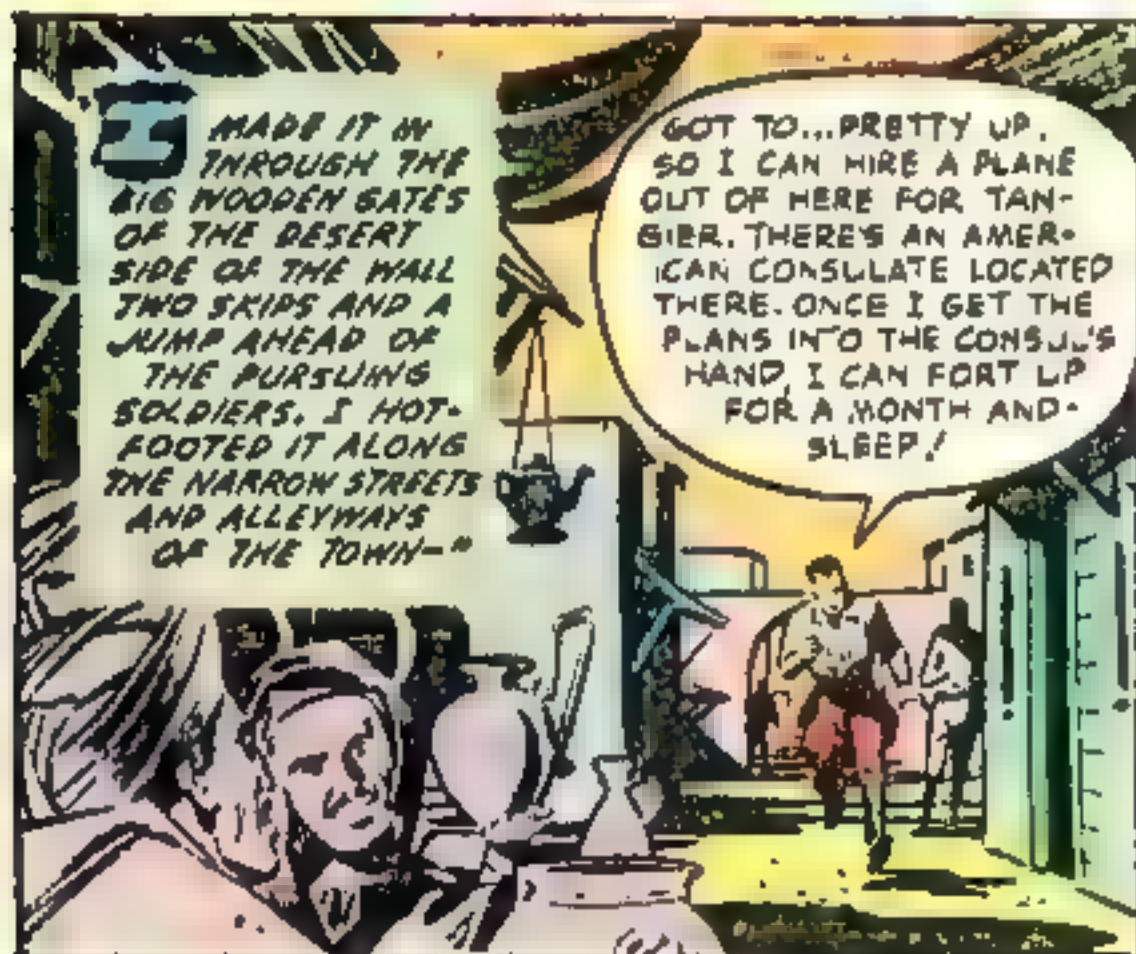
E SLIPPED AND FELL ON TOP OF A BIG DUNE, AND FOUND MYSELF FACE TO WALL WITH 'CASTERTA.' I COULD HAVE THROWN KISSES AT IT, IF MY MOUTH WASN'T SO PARCHED FOR WATER THAT I COULDN'T PUCKER UP...

BABY, YOU LOOK BETTER TO ME RIGHT NOW THAN A COMPOSITE OF TURNER, GRABLE AND LAMARR! LESS, PG DIRT! THAT HALF-TRACK IS COMING UP THE LAST HILL!



E MADE IT IN THROUGH THE BIG WOODEN GATES OF THE DESERT SIDE OF THE WALL TWO SKIPS AND A JUMP AHEAD OF THE PURSUING SOLDIERS. I HOT-FOOTED IT ALONG THE NARROW STREETS AND ALLEYWAYS OF THE TOWN-

GOT TO...PRETTY UP, SO I CAN HIRE A PLANE OUT OF HERE FOR TANGIER. THERE'S AN AMERICAN CONSULATE LOCATED THERE. ONCE I GET THE PLANS INTO THE CONSUL'S HAND, I CAN FORT UP FOR A MONTH AND-SLEEP!



THE HOTEL SUDAN WAS THE ONLY EUROPEAN STOPPING PLACE IN THAT SUN-BAKED SPOT OF HADES SOMEBODY NAMED CASTERTA. I SIGNED A NAME ON THE REGISTER, WITH HALF AN EYE ON THE FIRST PAIR OF GAMS I'D SEEN IN SIX WEEKS.

GUESS I'M NOT TOO DEAD AFTER ALL! A SHOWER, SOME FOOD AND A COUPLE OF COCKTAILS WILL MAKE ME A NEW MAN.



E DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT THE GAMS GOT UP AND FOLLOWED ME. ALL I WAS THINKING OF WAS A LONG SLEEP-AND THE PLANS THAT SEEMED TO BE BURNING A HOLE IN MY RIDING BOOTS, THEY WERE SO HOT.

NOW THAT THE DOORS LOCKED, I CAN TAKE ME A GANDER AT THE MAP THAT SHOWS THE LOCATION OF THOSE LAUNCHING CRADLES. BOTHER-WITH AN ATOMIC BOMB IN THE WAREHEAD OF THOSE BASES, THEY COULD WRECK WASHINGTON, NEW YORK AND BOSTON WITHOUT HALF TRYING!



IF I'M LUCKY, I'LL BE ABLE TO CHARTER A PLANE. IF I'M NOT-IT'S A LONG, LONG WALK TO TANGIER FROM HERE!

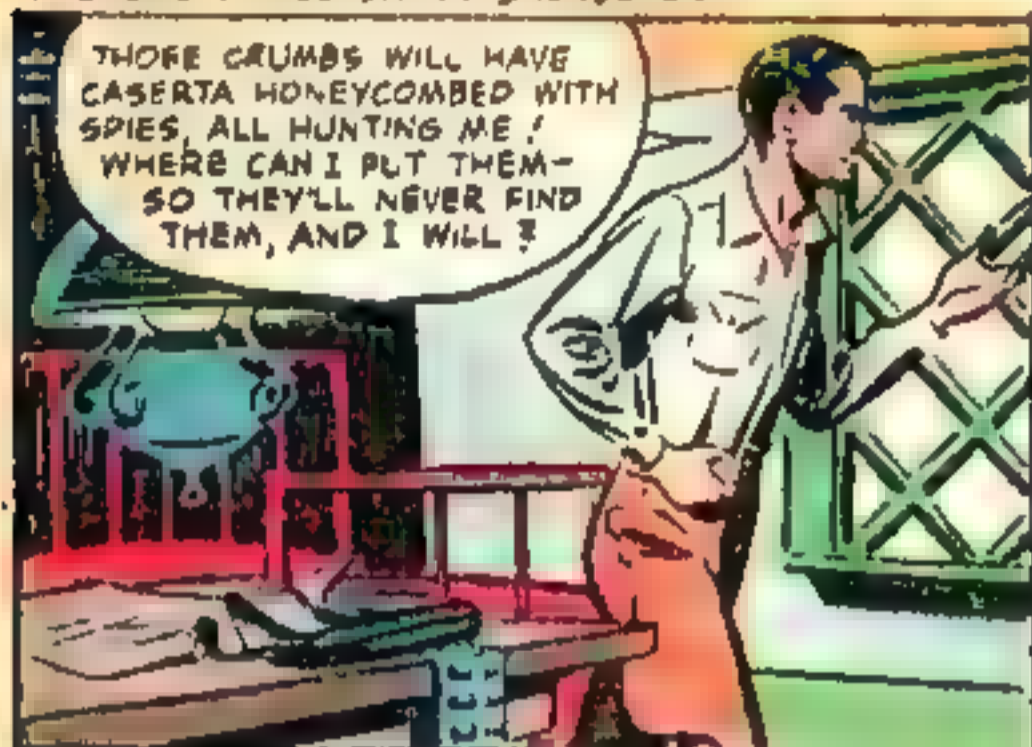


OUTSIDE MY ROOM, A GRIM SMILE TWISTED THE FULL RED LIPS OF THE DAME WITH THE LEGS. SHE COULDN'T HEAR ME, BUT SHE WAS NO HOPHEAD. SHE KNEW THAT A STRANGE AMERICAN MEANT TROUBLE-FOR HER TEAM!

HE IS DIRTY, SWEATY! HE MUST 'AVE COME EEN OFF THE DESERT. IF ZAT IS THE CASE, SILK 'AD BETTER SEE THE CAP'TAN. HE WILL 'AVE ORDERS FOR SILK...



I DON'T CHICKEN EASY, BUT THOSE PAPERS WERE A PASSPORT TO THE OTHER WORLD. IF I WERE FOUND WITH THEM ON MY PERSON, I HAD TO HIDE THEM - BUT WHERE? IF I WAS CAPTURED BY THOSE MORONS IN THE HALF-TRACK, THE CHILLS WOULD DO A SABRE DANCE ON MY BACKBONE!"



AS I CAME TO A STOP IN FRONT OF A WALL MIRROR TO SANDER MY UNSHAVEN FACE, AN IDEA HIT ME. SLOWLY I RAN MY FINGERS OVER MY NEWLY SPRING BEARD..."



THE GALS WERE THERE IN THE HOTEL LOBBY WHEN I WENT SHOPPING I LET MY EYES GO TRAVELLING, AND I LIKED THE REST, TOO. HER EYES SAID SOME NICE THINGS TO ME, BUT I WASN'T HAVING ANY - HOT THEN, ANYHOW..."



WHAT I WANTED WAS A RAZOR, A GOOD, SHARP ONE. MY BEARD WAS TOUGH AND STUBBORN."



IT WAS ALONG TOWARD DUSK BY THE TIME I HAD SHOWERED AND SHAVED. I TOOK THE PLANS AND TOUCHED A MATCH TO THEM, THEN LAY ON THE BED AND WATCHED THEM BURN. I FELT A LOT BETTER, SEEING THAT PAPER CRINKLE UP IN FLAME..."



I SLEPT LIKE A BABY THAT NIGHT. MAYBE I EVEN SMILED IN MY SLEEP - I DREAMED ABOUT THE GALS WITH THE LEGS. IT WAS A NICE DREAM. NEXT MORNING, I WENT OUT EARLY TO THE CASERTA AIRPORT..."



WHEN I TURNED, I SAW THE LEG-MODEL. SHE WAS HOLDING A CIGARETTE, AND THERE WAS A SMILE ON HER LIPS AND IN HER LAZULI EYES. HER HUSKY VOICE SENT AN ELECTRIC BOLT ALL THROUGH ME...

I AM SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT- DO YOU 'AVE A MATCH?

MATCH? OH! OH, YEAH. SURE, HONEY!



IT 'AS BEEN KNOWN ZAT A MAN MIGHT GET A PASSPORT IN A 'URRY IF HE 'AS MONEY, ZAT IS! DO YOU AVE ANY MONEY, MEESTA RE?



A BROUING MAN CAN'T STOP TO WAIT FOR THE QUEEN MARY. I HAD MONEY. SHE COULD GET ME A PASSPORT. IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT, BE-SIDES, SHE HAD A NICE VOICE...

IT IS SO NICE OF YOU TO INVITE ME TO 'AVE A BITE TO EAT. YOU ARE EEN A 'URRY, HEIN?

HURRY? WELL- I WAS MAYBE I'M NOT SO SURE, NOW.



YOU AMERICAINES! ALWAYS IN A 'URRY! I 'AVE SOME FRENCH BRANDY UP EEN MY ROOM. YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAMPLE SOME, HEIN? AFTER ALL THOSE THIRSTY DAYS EEN ZE DESERT?

I WOULD- AFTER I GET THAT PASSPORT. HOW ABOUT IT, HONEY?



SHE MADE A FACE AND SHRUGGED A LOVE- LY SET OF SHOULDERS. THEY ALMOST MADE ME FORGET THOSE LAUNCHING CRADLE PLANS, BUT NOT QUITE. SHE LAUGHED, AND AGAIN THE ELECTRICITY RAN THROUGH ME...

WELL, WHY NOT? YOU CANNOT GET A PLANE BEFORE TOMORROW. WE WEE 'AVE TONIGHT, HEIN?

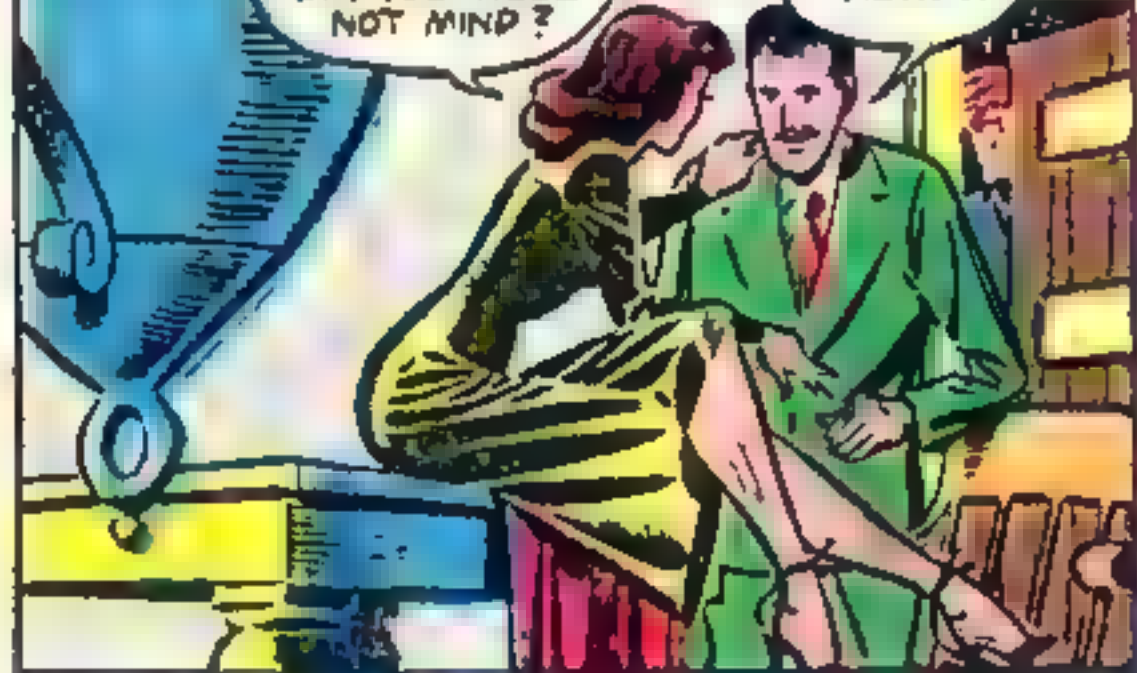
YEAH, TONIGHT-



SHE LED ME INTO A REGULAR LABYRINTH OF ALLEYS AND BACK STREETS. THEN WE TURNED INTO A SMALL DOORWAY, WENT UP A DIRTY STAIRCASE AND STEPPED INTO A SMALL SUITE OF ROOMS...

WE MAY 'AVE TO WAIT A LEETLE BIT. YOU WEE NOT MIND?

NOT WITH YOU, HONEY.



SURE, SURE. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS A COME-ON. BUT HER LIPS WERE SO NEAR, I SORT OF FORGOT ABOUT THINGS, AND THEN SHE WAS IN MY ARMS...

KEES ME!

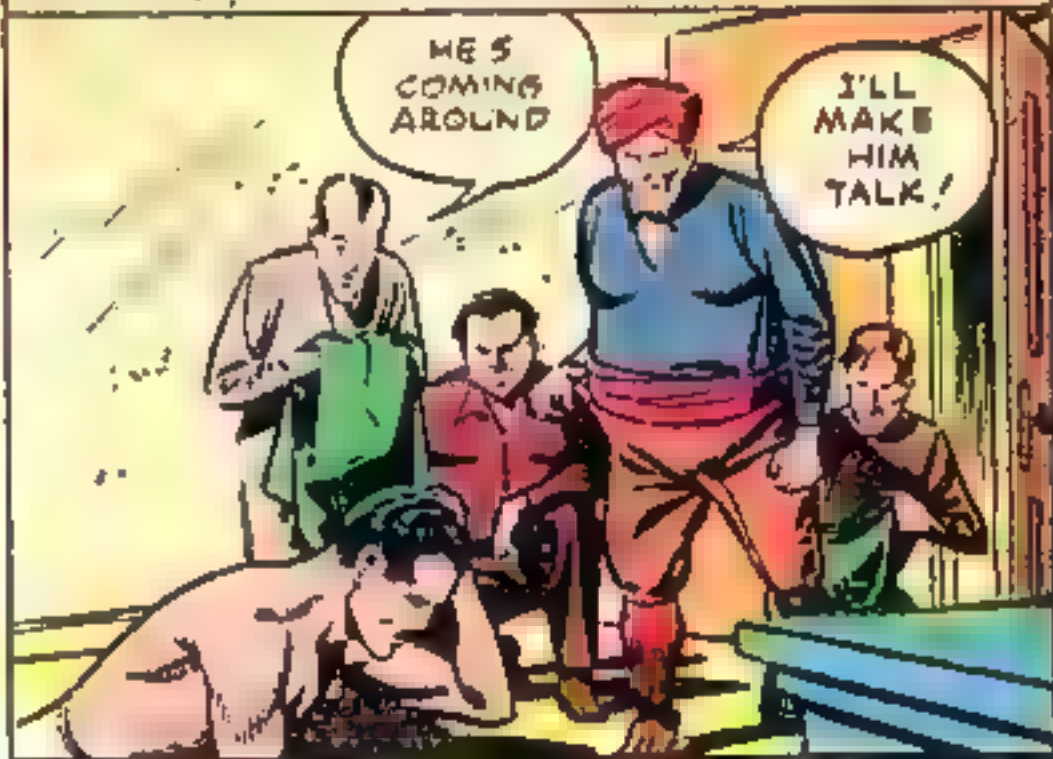


HER LIPS WERE SOFT AND WARM. THEY COULDN'T SHOOT THE WORLD OUT FROM UNDER ME IN A BLAZE OF RED GLORY. BUT THAT BLACKJACK DID! I WENT DOWN AND OUT!



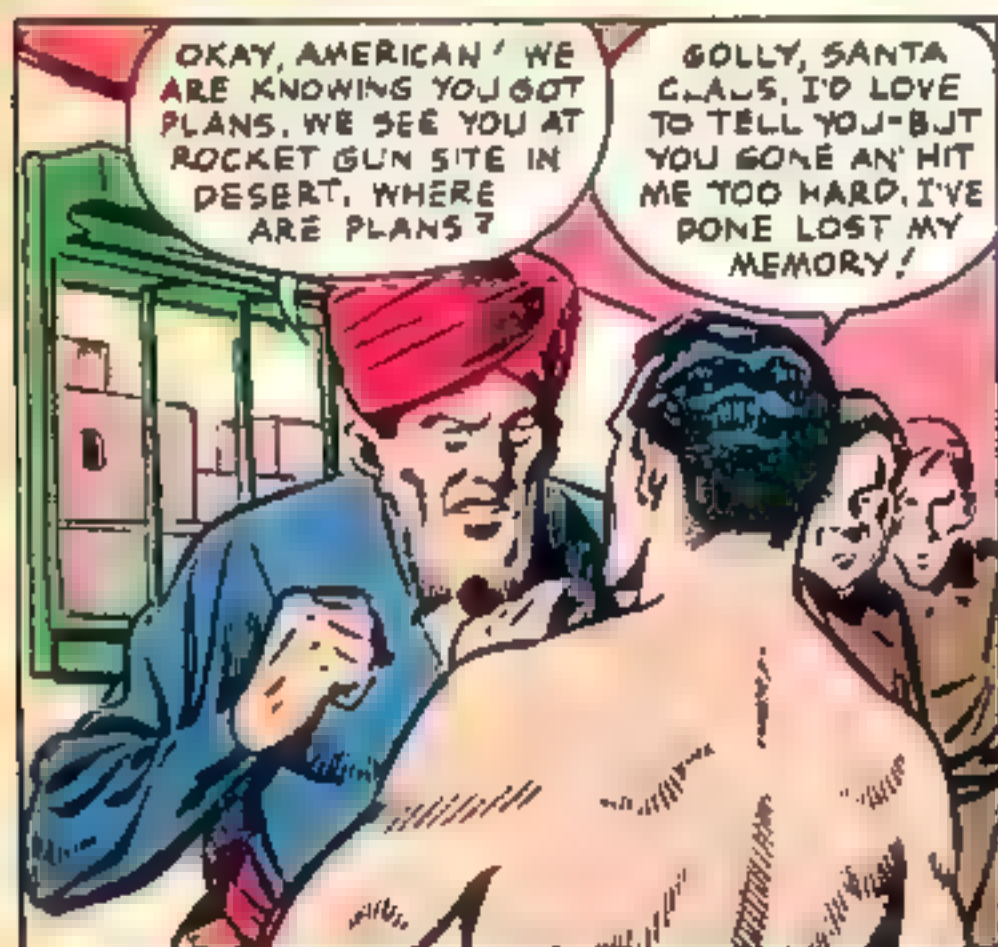
VERY GOOD, BORIS! YOU HIT HIM JUST RIGHT NOT TOO HARD, AND NOT TOO SOFT. HE WILL RECOVER, SHORTLY...

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS OUT, BUT WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, I KNEW I WAS IN FOR SOMETHING. THERE WERE FOUR MEN IN FRONT OF ME, AND THEY WEREN'T SMILING. THEY HAD MOST OF MY CLOTHES, AND WERE TURNING THEM INSIDE OUT...



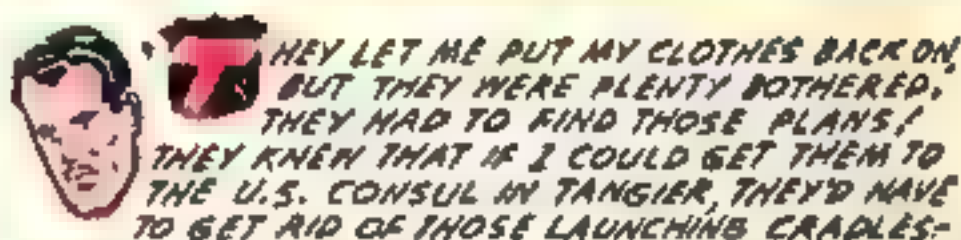
HE'S COMING AROUND

I'LL MAKE HIM TALK!



OKAY, AMERICAN! WE ARE KNOWING YOU GOT PLANS. WE SEE YOU AT ROCKET GUN SITE IN DESERT. WHERE ARE PLANS?

GOLLY, SANTA CLAUS, I'D LOVE TO TELL YOU—BUT YOU GONE AN' HIT ME TOO HARD. I'VE DONE LOST MY MEMORY!

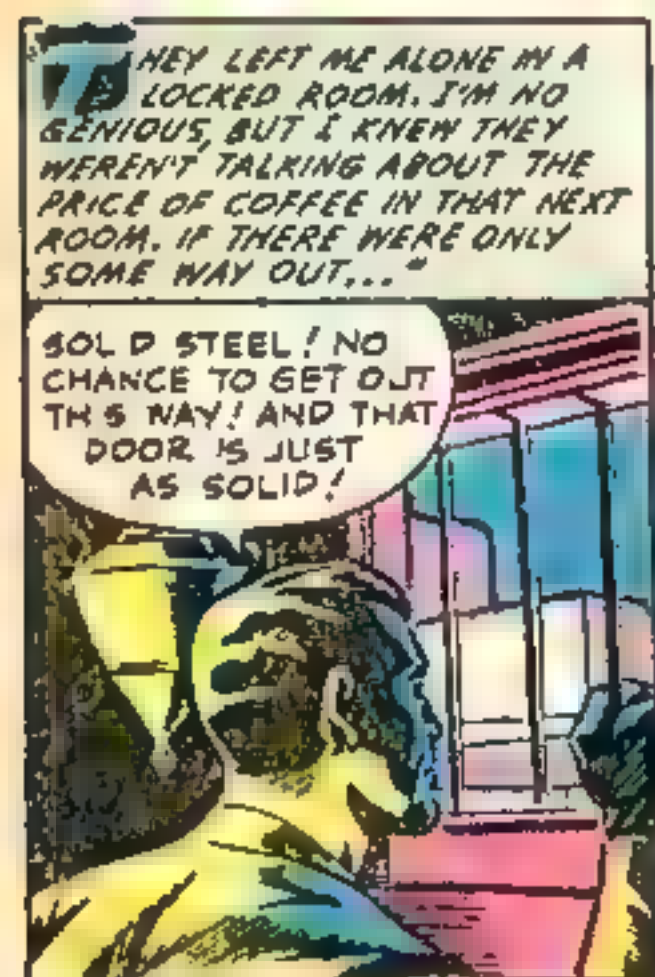


THEY LET ME PUT MY CLOTHES BACK ON, BUT THEY WERE PLENTY BOTHERED. THEY HAD TO FIND THOSE PLANS! THEY KNEW THAT IF I COULD GET THEM TO THE U.S. CONSUL IN TANGIER, THEY'D HAVE TO GET RID OF THOSE LAUNCHING CRADLES—



YOU DEED NOT LEARN ANYTHING, HEIN? YOU FOOLS! GO EEN THE NEXT ROOM. THE CAPTAIN WILL SPEAK TO YOU!

THE PLANS ARE NOT ON HIM! THEY ARE NOT IN HIS CLOTHES!



SOLD STEEL! NO CHANCE TO GET OUT THIS WAY! AND THAT DOOR IS JUST AS SOLID!

THERE WAS A DRINKING GLASS IN THE ROOM WHICH THEY'D USED TO THROW WATER IN MY FACE TO REVIVE ME. I PUT THE RIM OF IT UP AGAINST THE WALL. IT FOCUSED THE SOUND WAVES OF THEIR VOICES...



WE'LL HAVE TO TORTURE HIM. A MAN CAN STAND ONLY SO MUCH PAIN. HE WILL TELL US WHERE THE PLANS ARE—OR HE WILL GO MAD WITH PAIN!

I DIDN'T NEED ANY FURTHER HINT THAN THAT! I KNEW I WOULDN'T TELL THEM WHERE I HAD A COPY OF THOSE PLANS—BUT A MAN CAN'T HELP WHAT HIS TONGUE DOES IF REDHOT METAL IS BEING PRESSED TO HIS SKIN...

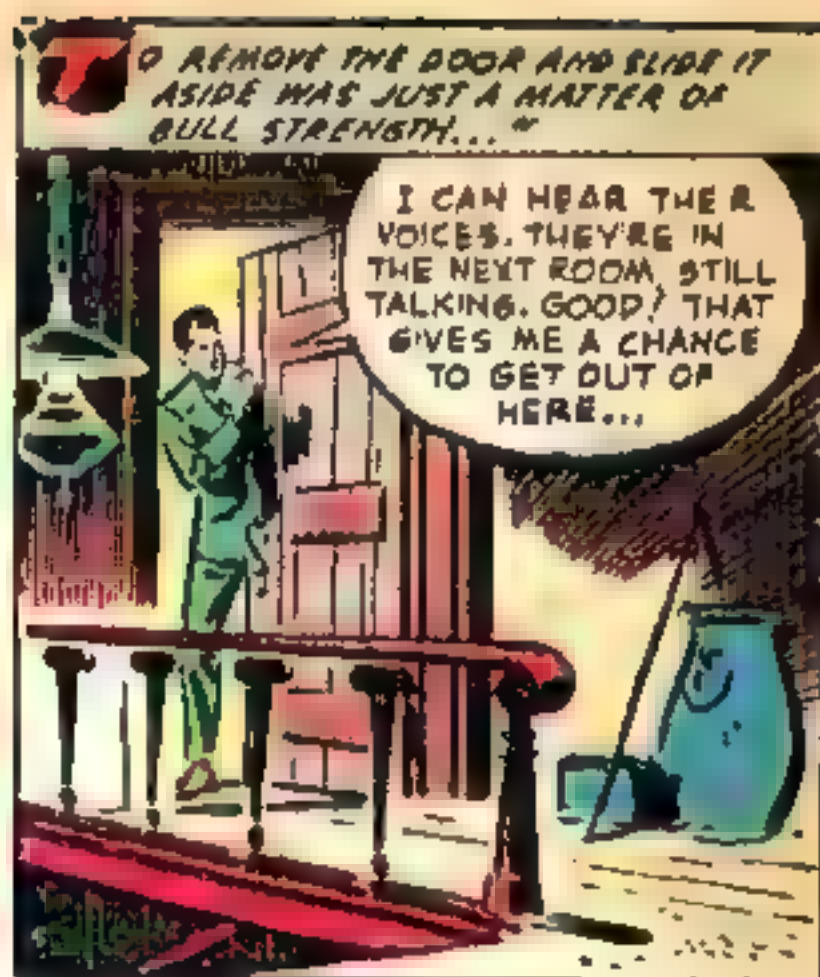


I'VE GOT TO GET OUT! SURE! IT'S EASY TO SAY—BUT HOW'M I GOING TO DO IT?

AND THEN I SAW IT! OF COURSE, THE DOOR TO THE ROOM OPENED



BY REMOVING THE HINGE-PINS, I CAN SLIDE THE DOOR OFF THE HINGES, EVEN IF IT IS LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE. THEY'RE LOOSE--COMING OUT!



TO REMOVE THE DOOR AND SLIDE IT ASIDE WAS JUST A MATTER OF BULL STRENGTH...

I CAN HEAR THEIR VOICES. THEY'RE IN THE NEXT ROOM, STILL TALKING. GOOD! THAT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HERE...

I DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME I HOTFOOTED IT DOWN THAT CORRIDOR AND CATAPULTED DOWN THE STAIRS. THEN I WAS OUT BY THE OPEN, MOVING BETWEEN THE STALLS OF THE SHOPPING SECTION...



I CAN'T GO BACK TO THE HOTEL. THEY'D DRAG ME OUT SO FAST I'D THINK I WAS IN A SPRINT RACE. I STILL HAVE MY MONEY, THOUGH--THEY DON'T CARE ANYTHING ABOUT THAT!



MAYBE THIS BISTRO IS WHAT I NEED. I HAVE TO HIDE UNTIL I CAN DOPE OUT SOME WAY OF GETTING A PLANE RIDE OUT OF CASERTA!



FULL BANKROLL TALKS IN ANY LANGUAGE. A SMIRKY-EYED BARKEEP LET SOME INTEREST SHOW WHEN I TOOK OUT THAT CHUNK OF CABBAGE AND RIFFLED IT CARELESSLY...

A BOTTLE OF YOUR BEST--AND PUT ANOTHER ONE ASIDE FOR ME. I'M GOING TO BE HERE A WHILE...

THEIR EYES SHOWED INTEREST, TOO. WELL, WHY NOT? IF I COULD GET SOMEBODY ON MY TEAM BEFORE THOSE MORONS CAME HUNTING ME, I MIGHT STILL GET OUT OF THIS JAM...



YOU WAN' FAYED COME SEET WERTH YOU? TALK, MAYBEE?

YEAH! YEAH, SIT DOWN, BABY. YOU AN' ME CAN DO BUSINESS, MAYBE. SIT DOWN!

OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SAW SILK AND THE BIG CHARACTER WITH THE BEARD PAUSE IN THE DOORWAY. I DIDN'T WAIT UNTIL THEY SAW ME. I PULLED FAYED DOWN ON MY LAP SO THAT SHE HID ME FROM THEIR ROVING EYES...



ORDER ANYTHING YOU WANT, HONEY. BUT--STAY WITH ME!

THEY DIDN'T STAY LONG. WITH FAYED'S BACK TO THEM, THEY MISSED SEEING MY FACE, BUT, KNOWING THEY MIGHT COME BACK, I KEPT THE LAUGHING FAYED WITH ME...



YOU WERE BUY
FAYED STEAK,
EH? NICE
STEAK?

YOU BET, HONEY.
STEAK AND MUSHROOMS,
SHERBET. ANYTHING
TO DRINK YOU
WANT...

I KEPT POURING MY DRINKS ONTO THE SAWDUST-COVERED FLOOR, SO WHEN IT WAS DARK, I STILL HAD A CLEAR HEAD. FAYED WAS CLINGING TO MY ARM AS HE WENT OUT INTO THE STREET...



YOU WANT TO EARN
YOURSELF TWENTY
BUCKS BY SHOWING
ME WHERE THE
AIRPORT IS,
HONEY?

OOOHH...YES! BUT
YOU DO NOT WANT
TO LEAVE FAYED,
DO YOU? FAYED
LIKES YOU!

I WOULD NEVER HAVE FOUND THE BIG AIR STRIPS BY MYSELF, BUT TO FAYED THE DANCING GIRL, WHO KNEW THE BACK ALLEYS AS I KNEW MY OWN NAME, IT WAS CHILD'S PLAY. I LEFT HER IN THE SHADOWS AND WENT FORWARD ALONE...



THERE'S A
PLANE ALL
WARMED UP
AND READY!



BUT THERE ARE
PEOPLE ALL AROUND
IT. I'VE GOT TO DIS-
TRACT THEIR ATTENTION
...JUST FOR THE
TIME I NEED TO
SPRINT TO THAT
PLANE!

THE RUNNING CAR GAVE ME AN IDEA. IT WAS A MISTY NIGHT, AND THE CARBON DIOXIDE COMING OUT OF THE EXHAUST OF THE AUTO WAS ALL THE HINT I NEEDED...



CARBON DIOXIDE BURNS
IN DAMP AIR! WHEN THOSE
FOLKS NEAR THE PLANE
SEE THEIR CAR SHOOTING
OFF FLAMES, THEY'LL
DO A ONE-STEP
THIS WAY...



...GIVING ME A CHANCE
TO GET INTO THIS PLANE
AND DO A SOLO
FLIGHT TO TANGIER
-AND THE AMERICAN
CONSULATE!

I GOT TO TANGIER WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE. THE CONSUL WAS DELIGHTED TO SEE ME, BUT HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHERE I'D HIDDEN A COPY OF THE PLANS FOR THE ROCKET-BOMBS LAUNCHING CRADLES--SO I HAD TO SHOW HIM...



I SHAVED MY HAIR OFF WHEN I SHAVED MY BEARD, WITH SPECIAL INK, I COPIED THE MAP ON MY HEAD, AND COVERED IT WITH A WIG I BOUGHT AFTER I BOUGHT THE RAZOR. THOSE MORONS SEARCHED ME AND MY CLOTHES, BUT THEY NEVER SUSPECTED THIS WAS A WIG!

AND SO THE MAPS AND PLANS FOR THE LONG-RANGE ROCKET-BOMBS THAT HITLER'S SCIENTISTS HAD PERFECTED AT THE END OF WORLD WAR II, WERE ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON. FIVE YEARS LATER, THOSE BOMBS, IMPROVED AND WORKED ON, WERE AS FAR AHEAD OF THE WORLD WAR II ROCKET AS THE AIRPLANE IS TO THE HORSEDRAWN CART! NOW, THANKS TO DONOVAN'S BRILLIANT COUP, THOSE PLANS RESIDE IN A VAULT UNDER THE PENTAGON BUILDING IN WASHINGTON--AND THE NATION THAT BUILT THE LAUNCHING CRADLES HAS HASTILY DISMANTLED THEM, FEARFUL OF REPRISALS AND BANS FROM THE U.N. ASSEMBLY...

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SHOWCASE with SIGNATURE BASEBALL - Complete Outfit above right, only \$3.98



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BASEBALL



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- ☐ PRIDE OF THE YANKEES BASEBALL ONLY . . . @ only \$1.98 each
- ☐ SHOWCASE & BASEBALL . . . @ only \$3.98 each
- ☐ INSERT MAJOR LEAGUE TEAM YOU WANT . . .
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YOU can try this offer for 10 days at no risk to you. If you are not satisfied after you receive the case or ball, return it to us in 10-days time and we will send your money back . . . you can't strike out on this deal, but don't get stuck at base . . . FOR FAST ACTION, CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW — — —

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